

# THE NORTHER

A large, stylized, dark green initial 'C' is positioned between the words 'THE' and 'NORTHER'. Inside the 'C' is a profile of a woman's face, facing right. The 'C' has a decorative, swirling tail that extends downwards.

1908

THE UNIVERSITY

OF ILLINOIS

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JOHN WILLISTON COOK, A. M., LL. D.

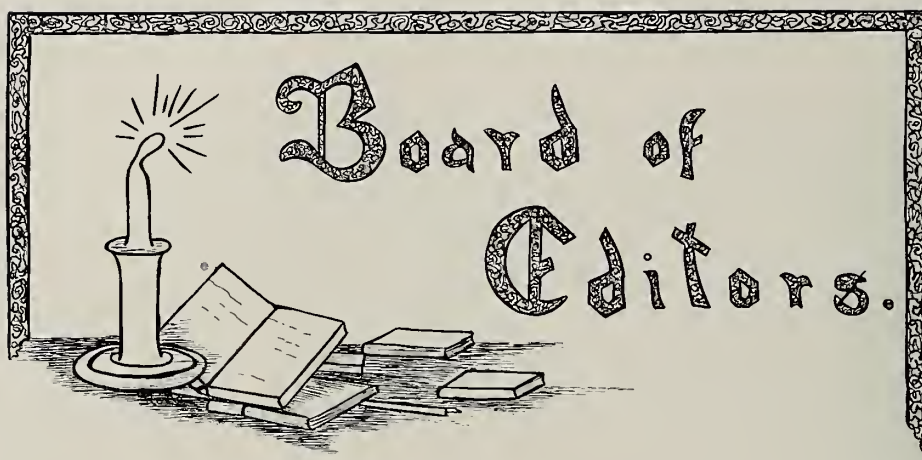
THE MCMVIII  
NORTHER

THE BOOK OF THE  
SENIOR CLASS



VOLUME IX

NORTHERN ILLINOIS STATE  
NORMAL SCHOOL  
DE KALB 1908 ILLINOIS



|                   |   |   |   |                         |
|-------------------|---|---|---|-------------------------|
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To the Faculty  
we dedicate this book

244529



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N. ROWLEY



## PREFACE

Having been much impressed with the fame of certain other institutions of learning through their annals, it seemed the part of wisdom to the authors of this work to snatch, as it were, from the tomb of oblivion the record of our own great educational institution, which graces the broad prairies of our fair state, and especially that period of its history presided over by the great class of the Northern Normal School.

To the appreciative public this volume is respectfully submitted with the hope that it will prove a veritable cyclopedia of knowledge, condensed to such form as may conveniently be transported in the pockets, recommended by scientific authority. To our general readers and friends of the institution, it is our desire to impart relief from their melancholy moments, and to future generations of students who shall with difficulty fill the places of their predecessors, an example worthy of their close consideration and emulation.

In the compiling of this work, no model has been followed. In fact, to the careful observer it will be found quite without parallel. For the convenience of the reader, it has been divided into seven parts. In the first of these, knowing the interest that would necessarily be awakened in the minds of our intelligent readers, the authors have taken the liberty to insert a number of beautiful engravings bearing some resemblance to themselves and their instructors, as a fitting introduction to the volume. In this connection will also be found pages with the inscriptions "Juniors" and "Freshmen," bearing the names of divers personages who are prepared to witness to the utter veracity of every detail of the book. Believing that our high mental state is attributable in part to physical excellence, a second part has been devoted to athletics. Still another portion will be found to be given over to organizations and events, a department, which, to the teacher who is destined to be a social leader as well, should be of infinite value. A fourth section will be found to contain carefully chosen literary selections; not the works of noted authors, it is true, but of unknown writers whom it has been our part to bring before the public eye. The gems herein contained should be the permanent possession of every school-boy in the land. The remaining sections are a record of the deeds of conspicuous persons who deserve honorable mention for sundry pleasantries they have afforded us. The volume thruout will be found to be very richly illuminated, several gallons of India ink having been consumed in its preparation.

The aforesaid work is the result of three long and lonely years of labor, in which the great class has borne the brunt of all manner of adverse criticism, even to the extent of being accused of asceticism and barbarian lack of imagina-

tion. For while the intellects of the common throng dozed over biology, psychology and other matters of light import, the authors of this stupendous work still labored untiringly, burning the forbidden oil in their noble zeal to uplift their profession and add renown to their school. The task was one demanding erudite research in all departments of human knowledge. At times the library has been almost destitute of books, so vast was the number of authors consulted.

It has involved penetration into the profoundest realms of Aristotelian thought in order to comprehend and present adequate explanation of some of the Faculty's jokes. The masterly style of these pages has been acquired only after protracted sieges of rhetoric and grammar. And though hampered by the limitations of the English language, the mother-tongue has still been dragged into rhythmic form and adjusted by the sweat of our brows in the making over of old themes. Long and wearisome pilgrimages have been made to the center of culture for the study of the drama and all forms of literary merit in order to better please the aesthetic public. Six-nines have been accepted cheerfully as the reward of neglected lessons. In fact, careful experimentation has shown that the energy expended on a single page of this volume has been sufficient to reduce the Nissl bodies from twenty to fifty per cent of their normal size. All this and much more the authors have accomplished with unwavering enthusiasm. No reward for our labors has been anticipated, the writers despising the base pecuniary compensation which, to the pedagogue, is so trifling a matter, and being assured from the intelligence of their readers that the date is not far hence when their monuments shall crown the terraces of our Alma Mater.

And so, gentle reader, when the genius of other great minds palls on thee, lay down thy ponderous Angell or Monroe, and peruse for an hour or two these refreshing pages. And when thou learnest their content, perchance thou wilt shed a tear over the untimely flunks in history of education, the unreasonableness of the geometry class and many similar disasters which may be traced to the marvelous concentration upon this task. But should thy superior knowledge find aught amiss in its content, do thou treasure it secretly in thy heart, lest the superficial throng deem thee overcritical. But if thou utter any complaint concerning it, be sure that it be to the succeeding class of Seniors and Annual makers, by whom all suggestions will be gratefully received.

N. I. S. N. S.



HERE winter storm-winds hardest blow,  
Where summer sunsets brightest glow,  
Where the little children go.

Thou standest, "City on the Hill,"  
Tall grey towers, calm and still.

Earnestly those towers rise,  
Meaningly reach toward the skies,  
With them the hope of many lies.

And high and calm they rise in air,

And grave and quiet guard they there.

Dear Mother school, do thou impart  
With what thou givest of power and art,  
Thyself unto each student heart.

Something of thy calm, high beauty

Grant us ere we part from thee;

Something of thy queenly stillness,

Something of thy dignity.

MILDRED CAMPBELL







LIBRARY  
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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

**A** Tribute to your President, Dr. Cook, in so brief a space, and over forty years of high-minded service looking down upon us! Out of all these years of service, thoughtful and purposive, of devotion to duty conscientious and constant, and of achievements always commendable, oftentimes brilliant — out of all these, I can take, as it were, but a rose from a garden, I choose the flower — his sincerity.

“This above all, to thine own self be true,

And it must follow, as the night the day,

Thou can’st not then be false to any man.”

We may not know what put the red in the rose, the blue in the violet, the grace in the lily, or the fragrance in the jasmine, but sincerity it is that puts beauty in conduct, confidence in one another, and in each self, a quiet dignity and a calm assurance that all will be well ahead. Here is to our President, high-minded. Here is to our President, devoted. Here is to our President, sincere. We are glad his love and life have come into ours. Heaven keep back the long winter.

Edgar F. Riley.

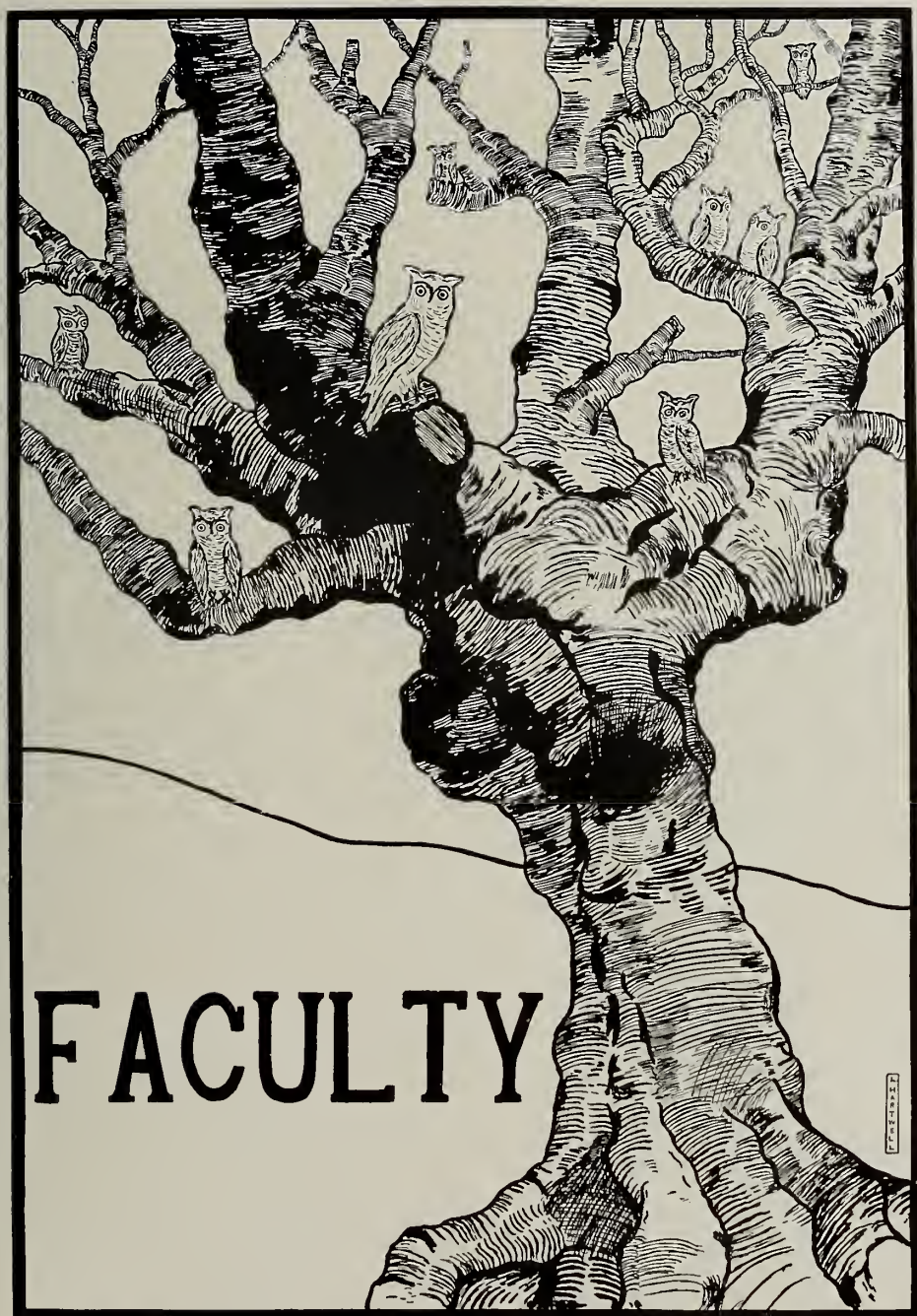
*THE OFFICE*

The office, our sympathy center,  
Two doors hath for all that go by.  
And one leadeth straight to the desk of the sage,  
Where our hearts catch the throb of the spirit  
That thrills through the school to endear it,—  
The spirit of service.

The other admits to the presence  
Of one in whose service we find  
A courtesy, patience, and sympathy ready,  
Revealing each wearisome duty,  
Athrill with the spirit of beauty,  
The spirit of love.

HATTIE S. CHESEBRO.



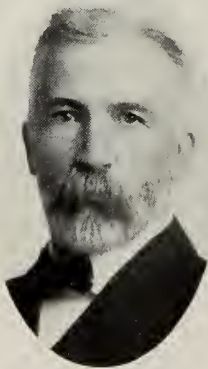




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Critic Teacher Third and  
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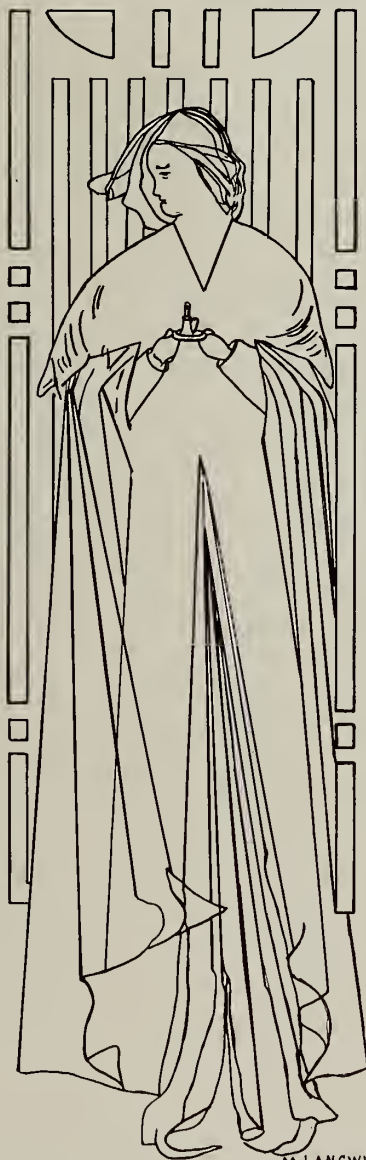
JAMES A. CLARK  
Electrician and Engineer

To those whose duties are always well done,  
In rainy or snowy or brightest of weather,  
We here give our tribute; 'tis joyfully sounded,  
A toast to the faithful, long life to each one!



OUR

CLASSES



M. LANGWILL

**T**he class of 1908 has the distinction of being the largest in the history of Illinois State Normal Schools. You make a brave showing as you march away, a good round hundred and more. We salute you as you pass. How fine and inspiring it would be to maintain your old organization with its companionships and mutual helps! But no sooner are you off the friendly and familiar campus than you hear the stern command, "Break ranks," and again you are alone. The years of dependence drop away like an outgrown garment; when next we meet, you will be crowned with the dignity of toil, striving to do for others what, with much of hope and joy, we have been trying to do for you.

Thank God for the blessed privilege of work among the children of the people. Give yourselves unstintingly to your tasks. Lose your lives in service and do not fear. You are our evangel to the Master's little ones. Believe in the unseen. See the divine in the common. Remember that the Wise Men sought a little child, though he lay in a manger, and brought him gold, frankincense and myrrh. There is something better even than the gifts from afar; it is a gracious and inspiring personality; carry it to the children of the people, and, on some day of revelation, when you have come to a mount of vision and see where you have been and what you have been permitted to do, you will be satisfied.

John W. Cook.



ANNA BRAKEL



EDITH HAMILTON



CHARLES HOLLEY



HAZEL HENDRICKS



IONE LONG



HELEN HERRICK



CARROLL DEARLOVE



ANNA DIEDRICH



NELLIE JACOBS



MARION KITTERMAN



MARGARET WRAY



ESTELLE TOMS



JOSEPHINE F. ROWLEY



LAURA FULTON



AMANDA HAZEMANN



ELSIE ELDER



ETHEL SWIFT



ELIZABETH POWERS



ALICE BURGESS



ALICE ADAMS



NELLIE ROBERTS



MAY HANRAHAN



HILMA TOLINE



ROSE ROAN





STELLA BENSON



BEATRICE WARD



MARY FITCH



BESSIE JAQUISH



BERTHA COURTS



MARIE STOLLER



ERWIN FINKENBINDER



JESSIE McCLATCHEY



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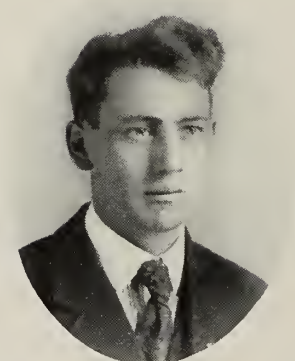
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MARGARET LEONARD



BELLE BYERS



HAZEL PETTEYS



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ALMA JOHNSTON



EENA KISSICK



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NORA IRENE O'NEILL



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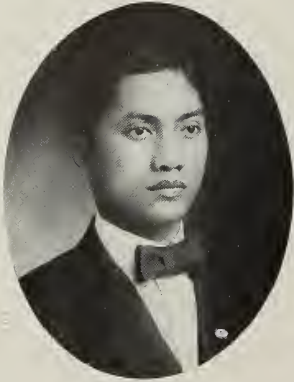
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FAYETTE R. SMALL



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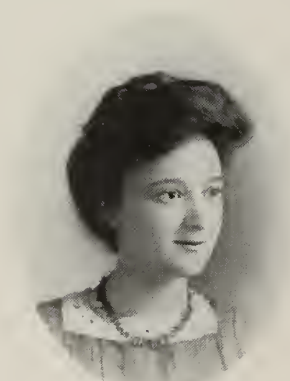
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AMELIA CHELSETH



GERTRUDE RORIG



FLORENCE HENRY



ADA SWANK





CLARA GILBERT



MARX HOLT



KATE NYE



BLANCHE STOKES



DESSA MORRIS



ETHEL RAUP



MABEL O'DONNELL



INGA ARNTZEN



ETHEL LOVE



LAURA MURRAY



NINA MINER



MARION VAN GALDER



EMMA FRIESENECKER



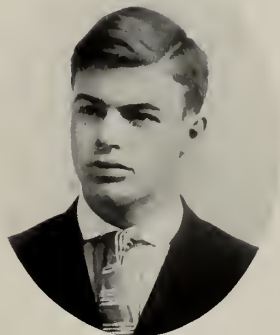
BELLE McINTYRE



ELVA LUNDBERG



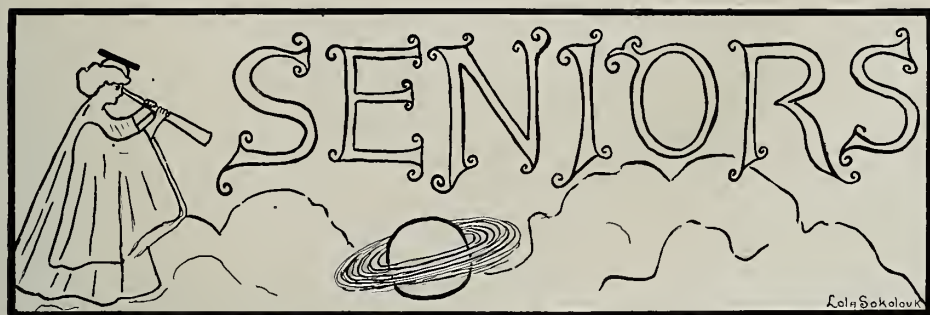
RUTH EARLE



WARREN MADDEN



ay the new life be a larger, happier life than we have known before. And may it be crowded with useful activities and crowned with the fulfillment of highest aspiration. May it bring to us more friends and a greater loyalty to friendship. May we hope more, love more, play more, pray more. May each passing year mean growth toward a larger freedom and leave us a milestone nearer on our journey to the stars.



| NAME                | COUNTY      | TOWN          |
|---------------------|-------------|---------------|
| Adams, Alice,       | De Kalb,    | Sycamore.     |
| Arntzen, Inga,      | De Kalb,    | Sycamore.     |
| Bechstein, Rosalie, | Will,       | Mokena        |
| Benson, Stella,     | Winnebago,  | Pecatonica.   |
| Brakel, Anna,       |             | Boise, Idaho. |
| Britton, Gladys,    | Kane,       | Elgin.        |
| Brown, Roberta,     | Lee,        | Ashton.       |
| Burgess, Alice,     | Ogle,       | Kings.        |
| Byers, Belle,       | De Kalb,    | Kirkland.     |
| Campbell, Ruth      | Kane,       | Elgin.        |
| Carney, Mary,       | La Salle,   | Marseilles.   |
| Chelseth, Amelia,   | Kane,       | Elgin.        |
| Cody, Irene,        | La Salle,   | Sheridan.     |
| Courts, Bertha,     | Carroll,    | Lanark.       |
| Crane, Gladdys,     | De Kalb,    | Sycamore.     |
| Cushing, Irene,     | Du Page,    | Hinsdale.     |
| Dearlove, Carroll,  | Cook,       | Glen View.    |
| Diedrich, Anna,     | De Kalb,    | De Kalb.      |
| Dixon, Floy,        | Lake,       | Russell.      |
| Earle, Ruth,        | De Kalb,    | De Kalb.      |
| Elder, Elsie,       | Cook,       | Des Plaines.  |
| Fitch, Mary,        | Pike,       | Barry.        |
| Foster, Mac,        | Kendall,    | Plano.        |
| Friesenecker, Emma, | Jo Daviess, | Galeña.       |
| French, Catherine,  | Du Page,    | Wheaton.      |
| Fulton, Laura,      | Cook,       | Finley Park.  |
| Gilbert, Clara,     | Kane,       | Aurora.       |
| Hamilton, Edith,    | De Kalb,    | Sycamore.     |
| Hanrahan, May,      | De Kalb,    | De Kalb.      |
| Hartwell, Laura,    | Lee,        | Paw Paw.      |
| Hartwell, Louise,   | Lee,        | Paw Paw.      |
| Hazemann, Amanda,   | La Salle,   | Leland.       |

| NAME                 | COUNTY      | TOWN            |
|----------------------|-------------|-----------------|
| Hendricks, Hazel,    | Whiteside,  | Sterling.       |
| Henry, Florence,     | Kane,       | Elgin.          |
| Herrick, Helen,      | De Kalb,    | De Kalb.        |
| Jacobs, Nellie,      | De Kalb,    | Malta.          |
| Jaquish, Bessie,     | De Kalb,    | Fairdale.       |
| Johnston, Alma,      | Ogle,       | Byron.          |
| Kendel, Esta,        | Ogle,       | Leaf River.     |
| Kissick, Ena,        | Bureau,     | Tiskilwa.       |
| Kitterman, Marion,   | Bureau,     | Tiskilwa.       |
| Koch, Clara,         | Stephenson, | Pearl City.     |
| Langwill, Martha,    | Winnebago,  | Rockford.       |
| Law, Clara,          | Kankakee,   | Momence.        |
| Leonard, Margaret,   | Winnebago,  | Rockford.       |
| Lester, Mary,        | Lake,       | Waukegan.       |
| Long, Ione,          | Kane,       | Elgin.          |
| Love, Ethel,         | De Kalb,    | Sycamore.       |
| Lundberg, Elva,      | De Kalb,    | De Kalb.        |
| Lynch, Kathryn E.,   | Lee,        | Lee.            |
| McAllister, Bessie,  | Whiteside,  | Morrison.       |
| McClatchey, Jessie,  | Winnebago,  | Rockford.       |
| McIntyre, Belle,     | Jo Daviess, | Hanover.        |
| Manley, Pearl,       | Kendall,    | Yorkville.      |
| Maxson, Evelyn,      | Lake,       | Waukegan.       |
| Miner, Nina,         | Winnebago,  | Rockford.       |
| Mork, Anna,          | Cook,       | Chicago.        |
| Morris, Dessa,       | Lee,        | Franklin Grove. |
| Morris, Jennie,      | Ogle,       | Rochelle.       |
| Murray, Laura.,      | De Kalb,    | De Kalb.        |
| Nash, Clara,         | Jo Daviess, | Elizabeth.      |
| Nye, Kate,           | Henry,      | Cambridge.      |
| O'Donnell, Mabel,    | Kane,       | Aurora.         |
| Ohlmacher, Gertrude, | De Kalb,    | Sycamore.       |
| O'Neil, Nora Irene,  | Lee,        | Steward.        |
| Orner, Elizabeth,    | Lee,        | Franklin Grove. |
| Parker, Edith,       | Cook,       | Oak Park.       |
| Pendergast, Teresa,  | Kane,       | Elgin.          |
| Petteys, Hazel,      | Bureau,     | Tiskilwa        |
| Powers, Elizabeth,   | De Kalb,    | De Kalb.        |



| NAME                    | COUNTY       | TOWN              |
|-------------------------|--------------|-------------------|
| Raup, Ethel,            | Ogle,        | Monroe Center.    |
| Roan, Rose,             | McHenry,     | Hebron.           |
| Roberts, Nellie,        | De Kalb,     | De Kalb.          |
| Roe, Elizabeth,         | Peoria,      | Peoria.           |
| Rorig, Gertrude,        | Kane,        | Elgin.            |
| Rowley, Josephine F.,   | De Kalb,     | Sycamore.         |
| Rowley, Nell,           | De Kalb,     | Sycamore.         |
| Safford, Ruth,          | Fond du Lac, | Fond du Lac, Wis. |
| Swank, Ada,             | Cook,        | Austin.           |
| Swift, Ethel,           | De Kalb,     | De Kalb.          |
| Stokes, Blanche,        | Cook,        | Oak Park.         |
| Stott, Mina,            | Lee,         | Dixon.            |
| Stoller, Marie,         | Stephenson,  | Freeport.         |
| Tennant, Elizabeth,     | Kane,        | Elgin.            |
| Toline, Hilma,          | Rock Island, | Moline.           |
| Toms, Estelle,          | Jo Daviess,  | Elizabeth.        |
| Van Galder, Marion,     | De Kalb,     | Sycamore.         |
| Vroom, Elma,            | De Kalb,     | De Kalb.          |
| Ward, Beatrice,         | Du Page,     | West Chicago.     |
| Wilder, Louise,         | De Kalb,     | De Kalb.          |
| Wray, Margaret,         | Ogle,        | Byron.            |
|                         |              |                   |
| Arreza, Lino,           | Surigao,     | Cantilan, P. I    |
| Finkenbinder, Erwin,    | Stephenson,  | Kent.             |
| Hall, Homer,            | Boone,       | Belvidere.        |
| Heitter, Martin Luther, | Stephenson,  | Eleroy.           |
| Holley, Charles E.,     | Lee,         | Franklin Grove.   |
| Holt, Marx,             | De Kalb,     | De Kalb.          |
| Kays, Albert Roswell,   | Putnam,      | Magnolia.         |
| Madden, Irwin,          | Stephenson,  | Freeport.         |
| Madden, Warren,         | Stephenson,  | Freeport.         |
| O'Kane, William,        | Ogle,        | Polo.             |
| Puffer, Ray,            | Boone,       | Capron.           |
| Walthers, Clarence,     | Rock Island, | Port Byron.       |
| Small, Fayette,         | McHenry      | Nunda.            |

# CLASS

Inga Irene Arntzen

Rose Leville Huff.

Bright on the future the sunlight is streaming, morning's fair moments are  
rippling away Bidding the foot- steps re-luctant to wander Turn from thy halls Alma  
Ma-ter to-day Forth to be true to these fair years of learning, true to thee as thine  
own walls - Cherishing still ev- ry vision and long-ing, Dreams of thy Sun- day -  
Refrain -  
Far tho' we be in the long years, far from thee Far tho' we be in the long years from thee.  
Far tho' we be in the long years, far from thee, Far tho' we be in the long years from thee.  
Far tho' we be - Far tho' we be - Far tho' we be in the long years from thee  
Far tho' we be in the long years from thee, True to thy trust we'll be.  
Far tho' we be in the long years from thee, True to thy trust we'll be.  
Far tho' we be in the long years from thee, True to thy trust we'll be.

# SONG

See 'gainst the blue where our colors are waving,  
Stray bit of sunshine and glimmer of white.  
Over our path let their radiance be gleaming,  
Emblem of purity, joy and of light.  
Still may the gladness of youth's day beam o'er us,  
Pointing us ever to new dawns more bright,  
Keeping us strong in the service that waits us,  
Growing in purity's might.  
Far tho' we be in the long years from thee,  
True to thy trust we'll be.

Dear days of schooltime, so true in your friendships,—  
Shining links joined in a circle of gold;  
Ev'ry day thronging with sweet recollections,  
Ev'ry hour seeing the vision unfold;  
Rich in new thots from the light inward glowing  
Light of the self where His truths we behold;—  
Oh not in song, but in truehearted service,  
Our love and your worth shall be told.  
Far tho' we be in the long years from thee,  
True to thy trust we'll be.

### MODEL LESSON PLAN FOR CLASS OF '08

*Teacher's Aim.* This series of three lessons, planned for the class graduating in 1908, has been worked out with a view to the development, in the pupils, of the ability to give parties, banquets, circuses, dramas, and all social functions, and to outdo all preceding classes in these affairs. It has also had in view the training of athletes of such excellence that not only the '08 teams, but all the Normal teams, should be composed, in the main, of '08 men. Incidentally, there has also been the purpose of sending forth great educators, who will be of really invaluable service to the world.

*Pupil's Aim.* The pupil's aim has coincided exactly with the teacher's aim at all times.

#### LESSON I.

*Subject Matter.* A Freshman Class, ordinary-extraordinary.

*Motive.* The motive during this year was confined more especially to athletics, light comedies, and some training in the rudiments of pedagogy.

*Results.* A good representation of Freshmen in all athletic teams.

A winning Freshman basket ball team.

A frog exhibition which augured well for future dramatic achievements.

A magnanimous spirit, exemplified by the presentation of beautiful pieces of sculpturing to the school.

#### LESSON II.

*Note.* The addition to the class of about sixty new members of remarkable ability and spirit.

*Teacher's Aim.* Same as before, with special emphasis on the development of social ability in the class. Athletics occupy almost the same prominence, and the instruction of the youth is shoved into the background.

*Pupil's Aim.* Always same as teacher's.

*Results.* Seven representatives on the Football team.

Six members of the baseball team.

The entire basket ball team made up of '08 men.

The best St. Patrick's party ever given in Ireland or America.

The best Junior play ever seen.

A Junior banquet where the excellence of the toasts excited universal admiration.

Some added ability in the art of teaching the young.

### LESSON III.

*Teacher's Aim.* The Same. Social and athletic features retain their prominence, but the practice of pedagogy and training for world service shows a decided increase in importance.

*Pupil's Aim.* In addition to the teacher's aim, the pupil aims to secure a field for the future operation of his ability as a pedagogue.

*Results.* A Senior children's party which outshone all former attempts.

The opportunity to the school and the community of seeing the Ben Greet players of world-wide reputation.

A Senior circus that pleased more people and made more money than any other Normal enterprise ever undertaken.

A Senior banquet which exceeded, in point of excellence and toasts, every other such function in history.

A complete dominance of athletics by the Seniors.

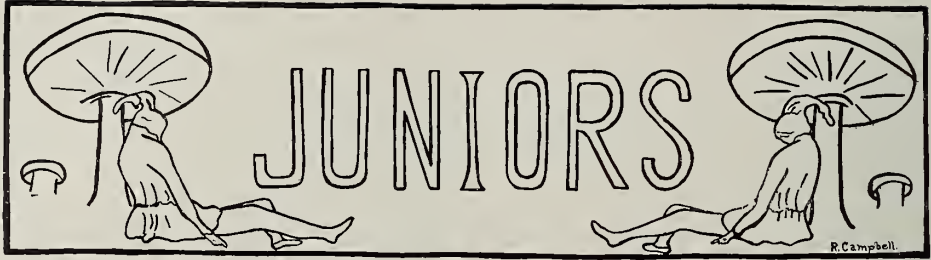
Great and interesting Commencement day.

Every Senior gets a good position. Seventy-five dollars per month the minimum.

The Normal School completely heartbroken at their leaving.

*Dr. Cook* says: The Class of 1908 was a living embodiment of our motto, "Stand By."

*Mr. Gilbert* says: The teaching force of the state will be almost doubled, in point of efficiency, by the great mass of new influence brought to bear upon it by this graduating class.



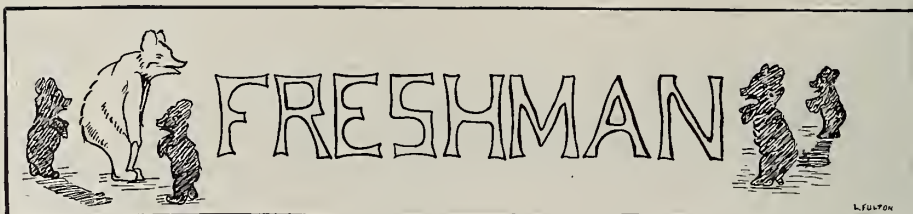
| NAME.                | COUNTY.     | TOWN            |
|----------------------|-------------|-----------------|
| Ackert, Edith        | Lee         | Dixon           |
| Adee, Verna,         | De Kalb,    | Clare.          |
| Andruss, Ada,        | McHenry,    | Crystal Lake.   |
| Atkins, Grace,       | Cook,       | Wilmette.       |
| Atwater, Ruth,       | Ogle,       | Rochelle.       |
| Badgley, Ila,        | De Kalb,    | De Kalb.        |
| Ballou, Fanny,       | Dupage,     | Wheaton.        |
| Bautista, Santiago,  | San Isidro, | Cantilan, P. I. |
| Bollinger, Florence, | De Kalb,    | Sycamore.       |
| Borman, Mabel,       | Whiteside,  | Morrison        |
| Bowers, Mildred,     | Lee,        | Ashton.         |
| Bradley, Elva,       | Kendall,    | Plano.          |
| Burgess, Agnes,      | Ogle,       | Kings.          |
| Cannon, Muriel,      | Lake,       | Zion City.      |
| Cecil, Jessie,       | Bureau,     | Princeton.      |
| Clinite, Ora,        | Ogle,       | Rochelle.       |
| Collin, Signe,       | De Kalb,    | De Kalb.        |
| Cook, Nellie Ray,    | Cook,       | Des Plaines.    |
| Cornelius, Floy,     | Ogle,       | Polo.           |
| Coultas, Avis,       | De Kalb,    | Sycamore.       |
| Courtney, Edith,     | Stephenson, | Freeport.       |
| Coveny, Anna,        | Jo Daviess, | Elizabeth.      |
| Dalrymple, Ruth,     | Kane,       | Elgin.          |
| Dalziel, Agnes.      | Lake,       | Gurnee.         |
| Davis, Lillian,      | De Kalb,    | De Kalb.        |



| NAME.               | COUNTY.      | TOWN.        |
|---------------------|--------------|--------------|
| Dettmer, Blanche,   | De Kalb,     | Sycamore.    |
| Dietmeyer, Ethel,   | Lake,        | Wadsworth.   |
| Doyle, Helen,       | Lake,        | Waukegan.    |
| Dudley, Pearl,      | Dupage,      | Wheaton.     |
| Duncan, Edith,      | Henry,       | Kewanee.     |
| Eck, Josephine,     | La Salle,    | Troy Grove.  |
| Emmert, Emma,       | Cook,        | Des Plaines. |
| Ericson, Josephine, | De Kalb,     | Sycamore.    |
| Fifield, Verna,     | Cook,        | Evanston.    |
| Fisher, Clara,      | Rock Island, | Rock Island. |
| Fraser, Blanche,    | Jo Daviess,  | Elizabeth    |
| Garrett, Jessie,    | Kankakee,    | Momence.     |
| Gastfield, Aurelia, | Lake,        | Deerfield.   |
| Gastfield, Frances, | Lake,        | Deerfield.   |
| Givens, Ellsworth,  | De Kalb,     | Elva.        |
| Godehn, Ruth,       | Rock Island, | Moline.      |
| Hagar, Emma,        | Cook,        | Barrington.  |
| Hartman, Bertha,    | Stephenson,  | Cedarville.  |
| Hiland, Marietta,   | De Kalb,     | De Kalb.     |
| Hobbs, Maude,       | McHenry,     | Woodstock.   |
| Hoffman, Edith,     | Cook,        | Des Plaines. |
| Hope, Irene,        | De Kalb,     | De Kalb.     |
| Horan, Gertrude,    | De Kalb,     | Maple Park.  |
| Ivey, Edna,         | Jo Daviess,  | Elizabeth.   |
| Johnson, Wm.,       | Boone,       | Capron.      |
| Johnson, Tula,      | Bureau,      | Tampico.     |
| Johnston, Howard,   | Ogle,        | Byron.       |
| Jones, Lillian,     | De Kalb,     | Kirkland.    |
| Hepner, Edna,       | Stephenson,  | Lena.        |

| NAME.               | COUNTY.      | TOWN.             |
|---------------------|--------------|-------------------|
| King, Annie,        | De Kalb,     | De Kalb.          |
| King, Helen,        | Kane,        | Elgin.            |
| Klink, Florence,    | Kane,        | Aurora.           |
| Larson, Eva,        | De Kalb,     | De Kalb.          |
| Lauver, Edna,       | Dupage,      | Naperville.       |
| Lewis, Pauline,     | De Kalb,     | De Kalb.          |
| Love, Floyd,        | San Joaquin, | Stockton, Cal.    |
| Lynch, Katherine.   | De Kalb,     | Malta.            |
| Lyster, Grace,      | Cook,        | Harvey.           |
| McCleery, Bessie,   | La Salle,    | Leland.           |
| McCleary, Florence, | Carroll,     | Chadwick.         |
| McCormick, Julia,   | De Kalb,     | Shabbona.         |
| McMurry, Donald,    | De Kalb,     | De Kalb,          |
| McOwan, Ella,       | Kane,        | Sugar Grove.      |
| Melville, Zoe,      | Cook,        | Wilmette.         |
| Mighell, Harriet,   | Kendall,     | Plano.            |
| Miller, Lulu.       | Lee,         | Franklin Grove.   |
| Moorhead, Marie,    | De Kalb,     | De Kalb.          |
| Morgenthaler, Edna, | Cook,        | Wilmette.         |
| Morris, Kittie,     | Whiteside,   | Lyndon.           |
| Mosher, Ethel,      | De Kalb,     | De Kalb.          |
| Newton, Verna,      | De Kalb,     | Sandwich.         |
| Paddock, Lucille,   | Cook,        | Arlington Heights |
| Pearson, Hazel,     | Whiteside,   | Albany.           |
| Plank, Clayton,     | De Kalb,     | De Kalb.          |
| Plant, Ethel,       | Ashland,     | Butternut, Wis.   |
| Raplee, Mildred,    | De Kalb,     | Cortland.         |
| Rogers, Bessie,     | De Kalb,     | Sycamore.         |
| Root, Florence,     | De Kalb,     | Sycamore.         |

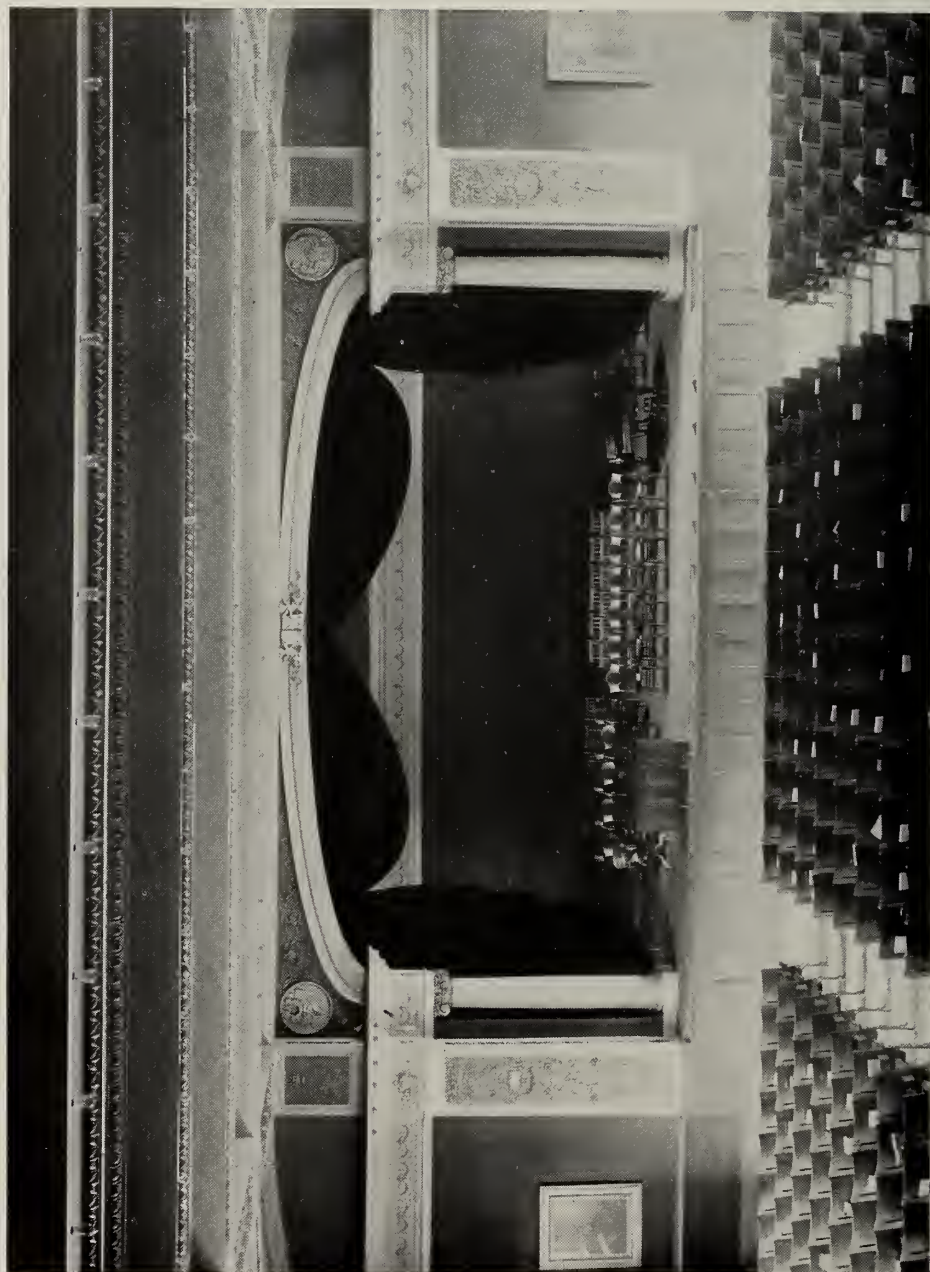
| NAME.                  | COUNTY.     | TOWN.           |
|------------------------|-------------|-----------------|
| Rose, Mae,             | McHenry,    | Crystal Lake.   |
| Ross, Clayton,         | McHenry,    | Crystal Lake.   |
| Seavey, Ruth,          | Kane,       | Batavia.        |
| Sheriff, Ethel.        | Mercer.     | Joy.            |
| Smart, Ella,           | Dupage,     | Downer's Grove. |
| Smith, Florence,       | Montgomery, | Villisca, Ia.   |
| Sokolouk, Lola,        | Kane,       | Elgin.          |
| Stanley, Florence,     | Kane,       | Aurora.         |
| Stevens, Eva.          | De Kalb,    | De Kalb.        |
| Taylor, Nina,          | Kendall,    | Plano.          |
| Templeton, Lizzie,     | Stephenson, | Dakota.         |
| Thackaberry, Mamie,    | Whiteside,  | Tampico.        |
| Thelander, Anna,       | Kane,       | Batavia.        |
| Thomas, Esther,        | De Kalb,    | Sycamore.       |
| Thompson, Laura,       | Mercer,     | Aledo           |
| Todd, Wm.,             | Grundy,     | Gardner.        |
| Truby, Ethel,          | De Kalb,    | Sycamore.       |
| Tucker, Maude,         | Jo Daviess, | Stockton.       |
| Van Driesen, Winifred, | De Kalb,    | De Kalb.        |
| Vial, Margaret,        | Cook,       | La Grange.      |
| Warber, Birdie,        | De Kalb,    | De Kalb.        |
| White, Ada,            | De Kalb,    | De Kalb.        |
| Wolber, Ruth,          | Carroll,    | Milledgeville.  |
| Woodburn, Roy Morton,  | Ogle,       | Byron.          |



| NAME                          | COUNTY       | TOWN             |
|-------------------------------|--------------|------------------|
| Bailey, Leona Loyola,         | De Kalb,     | De Kalb.         |
| Bailey, Sadie Rae,            | De Kalb,     | De Kalb          |
| Barr, Mildred Rita,           | Will,        | Braidwood.       |
| Bechtold, Bessie,             | Stephenson,  | Freeport.        |
| Bemisderfer, Katharine,       | Will,        | Monee.           |
| Bemisderfer, Marion,          | Will,        | Monee.           |
| Bennett, Annie M.,            | Jo Daviess,  | Stockton         |
| Bishop, Georgia,              | Ogle,        | Stillman Valley. |
| Bryson, Florence,             | Jo Daviess,  | Elizabeth.       |
| Cahill, Elizabeth Agnes,      | Jo Daviess,  | Stockton.        |
| Carmichael, Alice Marguerite, | Ogle,        | Stillman Valley  |
| Church, Ethel Sophia,         | Rock,        | Clinton, Wis.    |
| Cleveland, Mae Estella,       | Ogle,        | Rochelle.        |
| Coomber, Elsie Edith,         | Stephenson,  | Waddam's Grove   |
| Coomber, Lola Theodora,       | Stephenson,  | Waddam's Grove   |
| Cramer, Lillian Della,        | Carroll,     | Mt. Carroll.     |
| Dale, Reynolds Davis,         | Bureau,      | Tampico.         |
| Darnell, Alice,               | De Kalb,     | Sycamore.        |
| Deets, Fern Alcestis,         | Carroll,     | Milledgeville.   |
| Duffey, Anna Irene,           | De Kalb,     | Waterman.        |
| Eddy, Rine Ethel,             | Lake,        | Zion City.       |
| Eriksen, Louise Julia,        | Kendall,     | Newark.          |
| Fanning, Kathryn Marguerite,  | De Kalb,     | Hinckley.        |
| Gage, Helen Janet,            | Kane,        | Elgin.           |
| Gibson, Pearl Elizabeth,      | De Kalb,     | Kirkland.        |
| Gillis, Alice Mildred,        | De Kalb,     | Malta.           |
| Gillis, Jennie Elma,          | Ogle,        | Creston.         |
| Haefele, Pluma Verne,         | Rock Island, | Reynolds.        |
| Haish, Verna May,             | De Kalb,     | Hinckley.        |
| Hall, Tannie Cerenza,         | De Kalb,     | Sycamore.        |
| Harris, Blanche Holmes,       | Grundy,      | Braceville.      |
| Harris, Grace Irene,          | La Salle,    | Earlville.       |
| Hewitt, Madaline Claretta,    | De Kalb,     | De Kalb.         |
| Hill, Nellie Gertrude,        | Winnebago,   | Rockford.        |
| Holland, Earnest Richard,     | De Kalb,     | De Kalb.         |

| NAME                       | COUNTY      | TOWN            |
|----------------------------|-------------|-----------------|
| Howatt, Margaret Baine,    | Will,       | Braidwood.      |
| Hubbard, Clara Belle,      | De Kalb,    | Hinckley.       |
| Jonas, Salome,             | Stephenson, | Winslow.        |
| Jones, Mamie Edith,        | Lee,        | Franklin Grove. |
| Kempson, Rosa,             | De Kalb,    | Malta.          |
| Kliber, Elsie,             | De Kalb,    | Sycamore.       |
| Kuehl, Dora Belle,         | De Kalb,    | Sycamore.       |
| Larson, Jessie Albertina,  | De Kalb,    | Sycamore.       |
| Lucas, Bessie Marinda,     | Boone,      | Belvidere.      |
| Lynch, Bessie,             | De Kalb,    | Waterman.       |
| McCabe, Anna Margaret,     | De Kalb,    | De Kalb.        |
| McGrath, Robert T.,        | Carroll,    | Mt. Carroll.    |
| McMurray, Ruth Emily,      | De Kalb,    | De Kalb.        |
| Manroe, Hazel Almeda,      | De Kalb,    | De Kalb.        |
| Maynard, Laura Glen,       | Bureau,     | Tiskilwa.       |
| Middleton, Mary Mabel,     | De Kalb,    | Sycamore.       |
| Miller, Emma Mae,          | Grundy,     | Braceville.     |
| O'Brien, Frank Leo,        | Kane,       | Maple Park.     |
| O'Brien, Walter Lawrence,  | Kane,       | Maple Park.     |
| Overton, Addie Rowson,     | McHenry,    | Solon Mills.    |
| Pearson, Esther Elizabeth, | De Kalb,    | Kirkland.       |
| Pemberton, Eleanor Mae,    | Iroquois,   | Watseka.        |
| Peterson, Hilda Eulalia,   | De Kalb,    | Kirkland.       |
| Porter, Ruth Elizabeth,    | Henry,      | Atkinson.       |
| Quinn, Lucy Agnes,         | De Kalb,    | Malta.          |
| Redmond, John,             | De Kalb,    | Carlton.        |
| Scott, Anna Miller,        | Will,       | Braidwood.      |
| Shapland, Marion Burton,   | Bureau,     | Manlius.        |
| Somers, Rose Belle,        | Ogle,       | Creston.        |
| Stringfellow, Gertrude,    | De Kalb,    | Sycamore.       |
| Thurston, Mary Ann,        | Kane,       | Maple Park.     |
| Tweed, Clara Lillian,      | De Kalb,    | De Kalb.        |
| Warber, Pearl,             | De Kalb,    | De Kalb.        |
| Warren, Golda,             | De Kalb,    | Sycamore.       |
| Werner, Antoinette Marie,  | Will,       | Beecher.        |
| Wilson, Lena R.,           | De Kalb,    | Kingston.       |
| Wright, Florence Mary,     | De Kalb,    | Malta.          |





THE AUDITORIUM





**ORGANIZATIONS**

**AND**

**EVENTS**



*THE JUNIOR PLAY*

Right down to the land of Mexico we shall take you and drop you into that region of tropical luxury at the twilight. The sounds of a guitar reach the ears, and across the rustic bridge we see three dusky-faced musicians strolling to serenade their lady love, who listens from a window of her cabin. She sings her reply in tones filled with sentiment and sadness. As they depart, the faint, sweet strains of their voices and instruments are lost in the distance.

Out of this dreamy, romantic atmosphere we are aroused by the loud blast of a horn calling the laborers of the plantation to work long before dawn. The bare-footed, yawning natives, with broad-brimmed hats and scant clothing, go leisurely at their work among the grass and weeds, lounging when the overseer's back is turned, plying their machetii diligently while he watches.

In the background beyond the fields, in that sunny land, are smoldering volcanoes, blooming scarlet flowers, and wonderful trees which yield bananas, peanuts, pineapples and sausages at the same time. At the creek near by, the women wash their clothes, singing happily, while they feed the fat little baby on the fruits from the trees.

Suddenly the singing ceases, work stops, and all gape at the noble personage who approaches. He is the great, progressive President Diaz, who is touring his country in search of an able superintendent of education. The overseer, with bows and gestures of welcome, comes toward him, and thru an interpreter tells him of just the man to fill the place, who, also, has a great number of capable and wise helpers. Overjoyed at this good fortune, the president sends a dispatch for them to come. Within a few weeks' time, they arrive and prove to be the Juniors of '08, under the leadership of Mr. Irwin Madden. As soon as they are in Mexico, the air suddenly grows chilly, and Mr. Whitten, who is there with a company of green-clad children, offers this explanation.

Since the Juniors have left Illinois, the great mass of intellect transferred to this region would naturally cause an unbalancing of the universe. So a glacier is approaching from the icy north to establish the equilibrium, and within a few days, it will strike Mexico. He is a good prophet, for even now the ice sheet is here and from it — amazing sight! — are dug Senior after Senior, who went to the North Pole the previous year in the air ship. Faculty, too, are pulled out in stiff, undignified postures. The Juniors have great sport with them until they finally take pity on their frozen condition, and hustle them to a Junior meeting to warm up.

The next day the Seniors apply at Dr. Shoop's native schools for teachers' certificates. Mr. Parsons, Mr. Page and Madelina Starengeno are the board



MEXICANS AND FRESHIES. JUNIOR PLAY, JUNE 17, 1927

of directors. Upon being examined, the seniors prove very incompetent and Madelina, with her awful thumb and upturned nose "Floonks" them all. They are not even capable of reciting Mother Goose Rhymes.

Suddenly, in the midst of the examinations, an infuriated bull rushes thru the school in mad pursuit of a brilliant, glowing head. The baby cries, the girls' shriek, the Seniors flee, but a Junior boy stabs the creature in the heart and he falls dead.

When the tumult has ceased, down the road come sounds of an automobile horn, familiar to all Normal students. In a few moments in walks the one person on earth least expected and most welcome, Dr. Cook. Such cheering and welcoming has not been heard since the Juniors came. The tire of his machine is punctured. The resourceful natives, who have lately developed Juniorism thru contact, go to a rubber tree, tap it and, presto, chango! a fine, smooth, round tire comes out ready for the wheel.

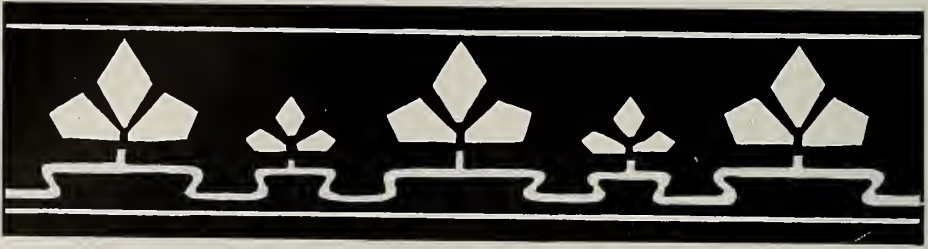
As a reward for their hard work and industry, the President bestows on each one of the illustrious class of '08, the title of B. E.—not Bachelor of Education, but Best Ever.

Farewell, our Junior days,  
Glad days of long ago,  
Oft in the future years  
Warmly our hearts will glow,  
When we recall the joys,  
We lived, but little knew  
Then will our every thought  
Turn back, glad days, to you.

“ Oh, we like him, yes, we like him,  
And we want to give him praise  
For the way that he has helped us  
Through all our Junior days.  
Mr. Charles keeps things a-moving,  
He is Freddy-on-the-spot!  
Do you think that we'll forget him,  
Well, I guess not! ”

'Twas thus we sang his praises  
In our care-free Junior days,  
And we shall ne'er forget him,  
But give him gratitude always.  
To all our Senior work and play,  
He gave his thought and skill.  
We've found in him a guide and aid,  
Our good friend still.





### *OUR FRESHMAN DAY*

The time had now come, when we, the Freshmen of "Naughty-Nine" were to show the Seniors, Faculty, and especially the proud Juniors of '08 what we could do, and we showed them. We undertook with great ease a work that even the wise-looking Seniors have trouble with — the publishing of an "Annual."

In the afternoon before the time for our exercises, we, Freshmen, dressed like children with green bows, ties, and ribbon, waving our colors, went around the addition with drums, singing:

"We want everybody to come and see

Our little Freshman stunt.

Juniors, Seniors, Faculty and all must come!

Follow us up and you will see —

The Juniors? No you won't!

But you'll see the Freshmen do their little stunt."

By the time we reached the Normal, people had already gathered in the study hall, so we began our exercises. Then the meeting for the publication of our "Annual" was called. Materials of various kinds were suggested; most of these, jokes on the rollicking Juniors who were present in the gathering. These jokes were put into the division of the "Annual," "The Junior Barbs." Our newly entered Freshmen C, the greenest of the classes, shared some of their knowledge to show what they could do. Every now and then songs were sung, and yells were given. When we had gathered all the materials for our "Annual," we closed our exercises by presenting to the school in memory of the Freshman Class of "Naughty-Nine" the "Morning" that hangs in the study hall and the piece of frieze which is the continuation of the frieze given by the Freshman of '08. This was responded to by Dr. Cook, who gave his many thanks to us and congratulated us on our work.

Such is the story of our Freshman Day.

SANTIAGO L. BAUTISTA.



### SONG OF TRIUMPH

We have won!  
The doubt and long suspense are done.  
Swell the Ellwood triumph songs;  
Lift your voices loud and clear!  
Tell to every listening ear  
Where the victory belongs.

Perseus!  
Coveted! Illustrious!  
Ours by prowess newly seen  
From Glidden bondage now set free.  
Hail to the emblem of victory!  
Long may he wear the Ellwood green.

### THE CONTESTANTS' CONTEST\*

Beware! Beware! I implore you! Beware the fair enchantress who will lure you away from the pleasant paths of study and peace of mind to become one of those weary, worn, nervous, fidgety, worse than human wrecks, a society contestant! She approaches all in the same way. A coy "Wouldn't you like to do some really worth-while society work for us?" followed by some pretty speeches about "Stand By" and "true society spirit," and when she has finished, you would "Stand By" her, even though it did mean ruin to your little craft on the rocks of toil and worry.

After this it is all the same. The enchantress has laid upon you such a task that you never have time even to confide your troubles to her. It is work, and dig, and if some day, in the surety of victory, you are blessed with an interval of gayety, it is roundly made up for in the depths of despair which immediately close over you. And then, away off there in the distance, the fair deceiver lures you farther and farther, till you hear the very rumbling of the surf upon the rugged rocks, but then the enchantress calls out "No! that is not the surf you hear, but the people of your society calling you to victory! Listen! They call your name! They have faith in you!" It is enough. You take the leap. Once more the thoughts run crisscross through your swirling brain. You win! You lose! You win! your time has come! Your supporters cheer you on! You



Mae Foster  
Irwin Madden



Elva Bradley



Pluma Haeefe



Ella Daisy Smart



Nellie Jacobs



Marx Holt

ELLWOOD CONTESTANTS

look with longing intent upon the judges! You strain every nerve, both of your own and of the audience, and you lose!

It is all over. What care you for defeat, if you have the fair enchantress still? You look about for her, but she has flown. She is over at the other end of the stage smiling upon your conqueror. Next morning you awake. How on earth have you gotten home? Why, in a carriage, of course. What care you for society contests? Everybody has forgotten whether you won or lost. You are off to the gymnasium, the bowling alley, or the reading room, to enjoy yourself and hand down to future generations the warning, Beware!

ONE WHO KNOWS.

\*Would-be contestants need not take this to heart.





Mabel O'Donnell  
Homer Hall



Elizabeth Roe  
Zoe Melville



Gladys Irene Britton



Ethel Ruth Sheritt  
Warren Madden

GLIDDEN CONTESTANTS

### *THE SENIOR CIRCUS*

[From The Barker's Harangue.]

"Now, with your kind permission, ladies and gentlemen, I will endeavor to please some of you people by presenting to you certain attractive offers, by which you may see Ringtail Brothers' big show, and not spend a cent. I will tell you quietly that a great malady or epidemic has swept over our show, and has removed from our midst certain of our famous creatures, and has left several of our animal wagons empty and unfilled. Now, if there is some ambitious lady or gentleman, boy or girl, who would like to try a hand at being a cage of kangaroos, or a group of Arctic seals, just step inside of one of these capacious wagons, and make yourself feel like a squirrel, or an auk, and do the best you can. Just one more. All right, this lady right here. Now, to you who have missed this excellent opportunity, I would say that when this epidemic struck our great herd of white elephants, it removed each and every one of them from our midst, except as we have preserved the outermost cuticle or skin of these creatures, and say, if any two people here wish to combine in entering this earthly house where formerly dwelt a mighty beast, and make a noise like a Belgian hare, they also may see the show free of charge. Ah, yes, I knew that would take. Now, I think they are all ready, and I can see no obstruction to our immediate and continued progress. Mr. Professor, kindly strike up our national air. All right, bust the biscuit.

"Now, since you are not in position to see our big show, I will endeavor to keep you in touch with our big acts as they are put upon the board. Just now on our left you might see, if you were in my position, De Capito, absolutely the only man on earth who can, by his wonderful mesmeric power, so render any part of the body void of feeling that he may remove it from his subject without pain. He is now exhibiting several boys and girls whose heads, arms, or feet he has removed. Next to him we see a wild man chewing upon the raw bones of some poor Freshman who tried to hand him an ice cream cone. Next come the Siamese twins, whom we picked up out here at Maple Park, where they were being employed as the book-keepers in a shooting gallery.

"Now, we can see an important looking gentleman, with a loud voice and a megaphone. Kindly keep your hands tightly upon your pocketbooks, while we pass by in his proximity. Right there before you is the strong man, who tosses out a thousand pounds of metal at one single convulsion of his great forearm, while La Belle Fatima coils poisonous reptiles about her neck, and amuses herself and her friends by biting off their heads. There, in the middle,





THE RINGTAIL BROS. VAUDEVILLE TROUPE



BARKERS AND SIDESHOW ATTRACTIONS



is the circus supply stand, where everything from a 'skidoo hat' to a whistling pig may be had. Over here you might have your fortune told, or your age guessed, or shoot the high and dangerous chutes.

"Now, if we should pass out the large entrance, and up the spacious hallway to the place marked Auditor Bijou, a strange spectacle might meet our gaze. There young lovers stroll down the pathway, Scottish lasses do the Highland fling, pretty misses whistle and dance, and ridiculous tramp comedians convulse everyone with their excellent jokes. At frequent intervals, loud and insistent bursts of applause rend the evening air, while the Ringtail Band plays all the latest and most popular pieces.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, thanking you again and again for your excellent accommodation and service, and hoping that you have seen every detail of the big show, I will bid you a tender good night and good bye."

WARREN MADDEN.



### *THE CHILDREN'S PARTY*

The children gave a party. Sunbonnet babies, overall boys, old-fashioned children, darkey children, Chinese babies, Japanese babies, all came. But the climax of the coming was the entrance of a very large family. There were the grandmother, with her little white cap, the mother, the maiden aunts, and so many little boys and girls, that the other children were rather noisy in getting acquainted with them.

The children liked best to watch the little boy with the wooden horse. He had his horse well trained and the children crowded about him to see it. The horse was performing his liveliest when a commotion arose at the other end of the gymnasium, where a very tall girl was frantically looking for her small brother. His collar was so large and he was so little that he had been easily lost. He was glad when he found his sister, but she was not happy for no one had asked her to play, although she had brought her music. The little boy with the large, white collar was hardly quiet when a pathetic wail was heard from another boy. He was too large a boy to be crying so, and his tiny sister spent most of her evening trying to amuse and comfort him. All this time the little darkey girls were making merriment with their smiling face and funny speeches.

Some of the little boys brought their wagons and all the little girls wanted to ride at the same time. One little girl was the source of envy because she had a gold ring tied on with a beautiful blue ribbon. Indeed the children almost forgot their manners, especially at school when Tommy Get There pulled Dottie Dimple's hair. But finally they happily gathered in circles to eat their animal cookies and ice cream, and then they danced about the room until the grandmother looked over her spectacles and said it was time to go home.

MARION KITTERMAN.





## BIOLOGICAL CLUB

### *Membership List.*

|                   |                    |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| Edna Morgenthaler | Edith Hoffman      |
| William Johnson   | Agnes Burgess      |
| Martin L. Heitter | Agnes Dalziel      |
| Florence Smith    | Kittie Morris      |
| Eva Stevens       | Edna Kepner        |
| Clayton Ross      | Ethel Dietmeyer    |
| Lola Sokolouk     | Ethel Plant        |
| Clara Fisher      | Fred L. Charles    |
| Donald McMurry    | Marie Morehead     |
| Grace Lyster      | Santiago Bautista  |
| Florence Stanley  | Lulu Miller        |
| Ruth Atwater      | Alice Wilkinson    |
| Jessie Garret     | Erwin Finkenbinder |
| Ray Cook          | Helen Earle        |
| Irwin Madden      |                    |



### THE BIOLOGICAL CLUB

There is a sphere open to the student and the teacher larger and more educative even than the world of books or the one in which we meet our fellow-men, It is the world of all out doors. And it is into this realm of enchanting beauty and mystery that we of the Biological Club have desired to enter. It has been our steadfast aim to learn what others have discovered before us, to ourselves live near to nature's heart and not to become so engrossed in monotonous round of daily duties as to be oblivious of the sublime symphony of a creation which has gone on for ages past and is still unfinished.

The Club began its career as an organization on January the tenth. In the second week of its existence something happened which proved beyond a doubt that the Biological Club represented no transient outburst of enthusiasm. The meetings were forbidden on the ground that they occupied time which should be used for other purposes. But the members revealed such an unshaken loyalty and such a firmness of purpose that soon the well meant objections apparently melted into thin air and the club went on its way rejoicing. Altho a few members dropped from our ranks at this crisis, the general interest increased. As ever, the struggle for existence resulted in the survival of the fittest.

Ours is neither a pure nature study club nor one devoted exclusively to scientific study, but as the name indicates it embraces in its scope both of these. "Winter and rough weather" were no enemy to us when we floundered merrily thru the drifts on some Saturday afternoon to gather around the cheerful grate-fire at Mr. Charles' or at one of our other favorite haunts for a delightful indoor meeting. But when the first tinge of green appeared we resorted to Dame Nature's own treasure house — the grove and the hill side. We feel after one of these woodland meetings that we, too, can truly say:

"I love not man the less, but nature more."

Many will be the pleasant memories in after years of our spirited fire-side gatherings and of the tempting aroma of coffee boiling over the crackling camp-fire in the woods where sugar was an accessory and even a coffee-pot an article easily dispensed with. Nor can we ever forget our enthusiastic leader and fellow member who has made all this possible and opened before our eyes a new world rich in beauty and fraught with an ever increasing fascination.

CLARA FISHER.

# Northern Illinois.

Vol. 9.

DeKalb, Ill., November, 1907.

No. 3.

## The People Who Live on Our Street.

By what strange fate all the widows in town have chosen to live on one street, I know not; but certain it is that of the twenty houses on the street, fourteen are the homes of widows.

for on many a dark how far I should have protection if something behind one of the

In the massive house the wife of a late of the community; in quiet state and manner

Directly across the ionable Dressmaker widow who hung on in her black alpaca, a fitting basque, and a

The house with a to keep the sun from the curtains, is the house—and there is no day away from her. Sales and public auction outbid; she buys even old clothes up to her home is a veritable tion of worthless tr husbands and says that she could find a man is the man who just

Becky is a fussy, ness in life is to nothing dire is going well. Inquire about invariably she is feel

Rosie was a bride moon ended. She le deceivers men are. crossed her path since

she spades her own garden, digs her own potatoes, carries her own water, mows her own grass and milks her own cow. Her dress is the most unique thing in town. Her waists are clearly not mere copies from some shop window or late magazine of fashions. They have an individuality; a style peculiar to themselves. Always of some bright, attractive color, lavishly trimmed with frills and fur-

belows of different color and material, they well illustrate the effectiveness of contrast. Her skirts are very full and never reach to her shoe tops, at least all the way around. They always have pockets. Rosie has an aversion to wearing the waist and skirt of the same suit on the same day. I frequently see her in a red velvet waist and pink calico skirt. But people's, she wouldn't

se, social. Early in with a teacup in her wing or loaning exact fence emptying ne of day with her in some corner near must hurry home id at night here she a, knitting in hand. nn's for a few min-

married the rich old ho has just recently npression she makes treet with rustle of and bonnet feathers iver. She has new

roportions. She can red fifty avoirdupois. do not get on very s affairs, but it must times, she is really lay I came upon her king she might wel-ig home?" "Well if answer. I drove on, uently comes a little e always glad when little Grandmother I know I shall have is to sew on, for she ose little things and

girls nowadays have so many other things to take up their time.

Then we have Becky and Mariah, and Mary Ann in for tea and the old ladies partake daintily, and talk in quiet voices of Fayettes husking bee or the spelling match of forty years ago. And after the others are gone, Grandmother says they did have such a good visit.

MAE FOSTER.

ELIZABETH BASCOM POWERS  
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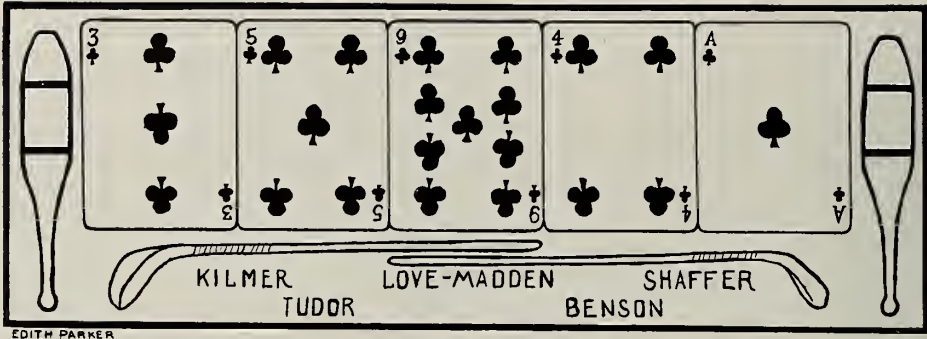
NINA TAYLOR

EDNA MORGENTHALER





SOCIETY PROGRAM



## THE CLUB STEWARD

We've run across all sorts o' fellows here,  
 An' they've been on the square, an' all O. K.,  
 The Senior, an' the Junior, an' the Freshie dear,  
 But the steward, he's a jollier ev'ry day.  
 He has to smile at all our oldest jokes,  
 He's got to be accommodatin' all the while;  
 He's got to wait for money from that letter from the folks,  
 An' he'll carry your old suitcase for upwards of a mile.  
 So here's to you, club steward, though we're always owin' you.  
 You always jolly up the folks when things are lookin' blue;  
 An' though we're broke because o' you 'most ev'ry Tuesday night,  
 We know that when you do a thing, you do it up just right.

An' when again our train De Kalb draws near,  
 We hear once more the anxious, oft repeated call;  
 "Normal students? Board and room engaged? Right here."  
 (He has to wait impatient 'fore he collars one at all.)  
 Of course his club is sure to be the best,  
 If on Augusta, Locust Street or College Avenue;  
 For it he labors strenuous, answers each request.  
 To get his tables and the club rooms filled anew  
 So here's to you, club steward, to your easy smilin' ways,  
 You make the homesick feel at home in early Normal days.  
 You're rivals, but in ev'rything you're certain on the square  
 An' if you win more students, you're sure to do it fair.

An' though there's many things that we'll forget,  
 That happened while we worked and studied here,  
 It's a sure thing that we never shall regret,  
 That we met him in our verdant Freshman year.  
 He's the one that's never heard to knock,  
 'Cause that wouldn't be the thing to do at all,  
 An' the smile that lingers on his face,  
 Would melt those stiff old griffins off o' Normal's wall.  
 So here's to you, club steward, for we like you most immense,  
 An' if we had to lose you, we'd feel like thirty cents.  
 You're a worker, you're a daisy, you're the best we've ever seen,  
 You're a mixer, you're an athlete, and you play on ev'ry team.

HOMER HALL.

THE WAITER

In the realms of the Land of Club,  
There are those unknown to fame,  
In literary meeting or baseball game—  
But they win a credit greater,  
From those of their Alma Mater,  
Who come daily to be fed  
And receive their daily bread,  
From those who go by the name  
And will be known in the Hall of Fame  
as the waiters.

Then here's to the waiters  
Their duties are sundry,  
In the Land of the Club,  
And the Home of the Hungry.  
— MINA E. STOTT.

PAY NIGHT

Sing a song of "pay night,"  
Students in a row.  
O'Kane sits there with the book,  
Makes our change look low.  
Ready in a minute,  
Wait a little while;  
When you pay him all you owe,  
Then just watch him smile.  
Trust and hope we'll have fresh rolls,  
Hash there'll surely be,  
Pay your board and hurry up,  
Come along and see.

THE KILMER

*Steward.* Age 21+. Smiling eyes. Curly hair. Fad — bright ties.  
Conversational powers. Taking ways. Generous martyr at a dance. Spends  
Sundays in Aurora.

*Matron.* Pleasant smile. Sympathetic. Midnight hair. Bright eyes.  
Never frowns on candy-making. "Girls! Girls!!"

*Adviser.* Gentle. Sincere. Helpful. Beloved.

*Dining-room.* Gentle lull of voices. Fine table manners. Bountiful fare.  
Season's delicacies. Service unexcelled. Two boys!

*Dance Hall.* Not spacious. Music — ragtime. Players, chosen daily.  
Barn dance most popular.

*Girls.* The best ever.



## TUDOR HALL

IRWIN MADDEN — Lord of the Hall.

LADY — Claim contested. Final decision to be made by His Lordship.

HOWARD — Knight of the Curly Locks, and squire of all fair ladies. The Flower of Chivalry.

MARGARET — High Chancellor of the Royal Butlery.

CATHERINE — Maid of Merriment.

GLADYS — Court Minstrel, employed chiefly to sing "Love me, and the World is Mine."

LAURA — Court Jester.

MARY — Collector of Parchments and Keeper of Archives.

LOUISE — Duchess of the Sea Foam.

BERTHA — The Lily Maid of Cedarville.

LILLIAN — Grand Mistress of Order.

PEARL — Fair Maid of Wisconsin.

ROSE — Grand Counsellor.

PEARL MANLEY — High Executioner of the English Language.

VERNA — The Cupbearer.

ALMA — Brown-eyed Baroness of Byron.

ROY — The Lordling of the Hall.



*TO THE SHAFFER CLUB*

Here's to the Shaffer Club, best of them all;  
Best in the winter, spring, summer and fall.  
Though smaller than others, its friends all declare  
That never its equal you'll find anywhere.

The Kilmer's the largest, the Tudor has style,  
The Benson's a good place to stop for awhile,  
But if 'tis good eating you long for each day,  
Then haste to the Shaffer — come right away.

The Love-Madden Club is excellent too,  
But like all of the others the boys are too few.  
But at Shaffer's, I'm sure if you feel so inclined,  
A whole table of fellows you doubtless will find.

And oft in the future when distant we are  
From a restaurant, home, or a good dining car,  
Our thoughts will turn backward at memory's call,  
And we'll toast to the Shaffer — the best of them all.

HOMER HALL.







DELLA GRAHER

## Young Women's Christian Association

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"How far that little candle throws its beams"

---

"Rest" has been and always will be associated with the "little brown room." And yet in our memories will linger other things that will make it a center for our love and interest. Sometimes, during the busy week of school duties, we neglect that inner self which we possess, and find our own true selves only when we gather to enjoy the quiet hour on Friday evening. There is then the feeling of release from the restraint of things, and we may know what the life of the week has been and measure up ourselves. Here, as nowhere else, we meet our fellow students and teachers and come to know them truly, since we are bound by a common thought of love and service for others. The spirit which permeates the hour is the spirit of devotion to "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." Strength we find and inspiration in our songs of praise and in the messages given us from the hearts of those whose experiences are broader than our own. Truly is it a fitting ending for the week, this hour of peace and quiet thought, of love and light.

Margaret B. Leonard.



# MUSIC



*TREBLE CLEF*

## FIRST SOPRANO.

Sallie Horan.  
Agnes Burgess.  
Helen King.  
Maude Hobbs.  
Verna Fifield.  
Signe Collin.  
Bessie McAllister.  
Elma Vroom.

Mamie Thackaberry.  
Florence McCleary.  
Belle Byers.  
Elva Bradley.  
Ethel Love.  
Zola Cheney.  
Jane Hammond.  
Nora Carter.

Mattie Johnson.

## SECOND SOPRANO.

Fannie Ballou.  
Clara Nash.  
Ruth McMurry.  
Jennie Morris.

Anna Thelander.  
Florence Root.  
Kathryn Lynch.  
Helen Herrick.

## FIRST ALTO.

Marie Moorhead.  
Ruth Porter.  
Edith Ackert.  
Laura Murray.

Pearl Dudley.  
Lulu Miller.  
Hazel Hendricks.  
Gladys Britton.

## SECOND ALTO.

Josie Ericson.  
Ethel Worthington.

Anna Duffy.  
Elva Lundberg.

The Treble Clef's a tuneful band  
Of maids who love to sing,  
With strains of music soft or loud  
We make the echoes ring.

When standing in a row, we're like  
A keyboard black and white  
From which our leader strikes the chord  
Of music sad or bright.

Though new keys take the old one's place  
With each swift passing year,  
We'll trust that no discordant note  
Will mar our music clear.





ORCHESTRA, COLONIAL PARTY





### THE "PATRIARCHS"

We, the original eight, are the Patriarchs of the Patriots. "We are seven," now, for Charlie Holley represents us in the great West. Though we were a band of Juniors last year, we have this one Alumni member. We expect him to achieve some renown to reflect upon the rest of us. Our "Matriarch," Miss Elizabeth Tennant, started us on our patriotic career. Miss Rose Huff made us "The Patriots." But we should never have had a right to the title "Patriarchs," had not Miss Charlotte Huff gathered followers unto us from the other classes and from the uttermost parts of the earth.

M. H.



Hearken, O ye people, and hear me, all ye students, who in learning, wisdom, and in teaching rejoice continually; who rise up and say, Let us sing an hymn; and who ofttimes smile and say, Let us be merry, let us trill a song.

Be attentive to my words and despair not; for there is a hill, a goodly hill whose towers belong to wisdom, wherein fair music also hath a place—a worthy place; where birds without and human tongues within make song.

Hear, ye maidens, and give ear, young men. For ye too may come. But be not disconsolate, neither grumble nor hold back.

When that the time doth come wherein your pitchpipe doth forget you, and ye yourselves remember him not—no, nor academy song-book; and the time wherein ye too must teach a childish song, and ye frightenedly gaze round and ope your mouth, but ye see none, neither doth a mighty sound come from you.

Groan not when ye see blank pages in the eastern room and a voice commands you: Write. Neither shall ye scowl, neither be wrathful, when that the landlady doth reprove you for disturbing her, yea, both her and your house-mates (albeit ye are but practicing your music lesson); for I say unto you, all these things must needs be.

But be of good courage (I know whereof I speak); for many are we who have endured and despaired not (save at sundry times). Yea, behold how fearless are all those in song,

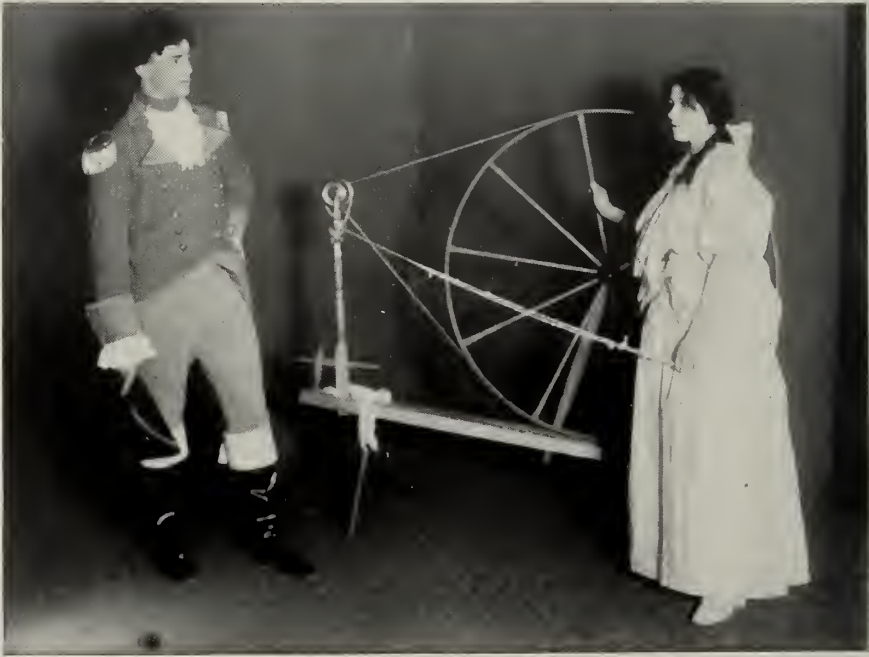
Who have continued steadfast and have prevailed. Oh, my brethren, ye know not what pleasure is in our music; what strength cometh from a noble hymn; what brightness ariseth by reason of our cheery laughter-songs.

Ye need not to be solemn, neither at all times serious, for the same book holdeth the little tin soldier and Addison. Then come ye, all who will love music too, and gather yourselves together, ye young men and maidens; for the towers of learning, even the east tower also, rise also for you. Behold I have said.

RUTH BEATRICE ATWATER.







### *DOROTHY AND DEBORAH*

Dorothy, so gay and fair,  
Never made for fret or care.  
Ready smiles and lilting song,  
Glance demure 'neath lashes long.  
Slender hands that turn the wheel,  
Draw the skein and wind the reel  
With a grace that wind-blown flowers  
Learn in long, sweet summer hours.  
Modest maid and sweet coquette,  
Both in one and childlike yet.  
But when friendship's need she hears  
Swift her womanhood appears.  
Brave she stands for friendship's sake,  
Gladly sacrifice will make.



Deborah, thy heart on fire  
With restless longing, bold desire.  
Chafing at the woman's part  
Of waiting long with anxious heart.  
More worthy seems the surging strife,  
More glorious the battle life.  
Thy clear eyes, unfaltering,  
Hold no glancing smile within.  
On thy beautiful, calm face  
Rests no maiden's witching grace;  
But thy gentler womanhood  
All the battle hath withstood.  
Once like marble Victory thou.  
Sweet and gracious woman now.

*THE MINUET*

Brave gallant and lady fair,  
Courtly grace and beauty rare,  
Charm of old world dignity  
In this modern mimicry.  
Once again we seem to see  
Days that long have ceased to be.  
Brodered vest and powdered queue  
Silken hose and buckled shoe  
Mingled with the rare brocade  
Of matron or of winsome maid.  
Lately has the soldier known  
The storm by winds of battle blown,  
Now with his country's daughters met  
He treads the stately minuet.  
Lately has the soldier's steel  
Been raised to work his country's weal,  
But now those swords, aloft in air,  
A bright arch form for dancers fair.  
For these few hours have we our way  
Turned back into the Yesterday.  
We've mingled with the quaint-gowned throngs  
We've listened to the sweet, old songs.  
We've felt the stress and toil of war,  
With joy we've welcomed Peace once more,  
And long with us shall linger yet  
The memory of the minuet.

ELIZABETH BASCOM POWERS.



YES, MISTIS DOROTHY, I IS A COWAHD!



THE MINUET



## TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL

### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

|   |                    |
|---|--------------------|
| <i>Orsino, duke of Illyra</i> .....                       | Homer Hall         |
| <i>Sebastian, a young gentleman</i> .....                 | Irwin Madden       |
| <i>Antonio, a sea captain, friend of Sebastian</i> .....  | Clarence Walthers  |
| <i>A priest</i> .....                                     | Fayette Small      |
| <i>A sea captain, friend to Viola</i> .....               | Martin Heitter     |
| <i>Valentine,</i> } gentlemen attending on the Duke ..... | { Bert Kays        |
| <i>Curio</i> }  | { Lino Arrezza     |
| <i>Sir Toby Belch, uncle of Olivia</i> .....              | Warren Madden      |
| <i>Sir Andrew Aguecheek</i> .....                         | Charles Whitten    |
| <i>Malvolio, steward to Olivia</i> .....                  | Marx Holt          |
| <i>Fabian, servant to Olivia</i> .....                    | Erwin Finkenbinder |
| <i>Feste, a clown</i> .....                               | Ray Puffer         |
| <i>Olivia, a countess</i> .....                           | Blanche Stokes     |
| <i>Viola, sister to Sebastian</i> .....                   | Edith Hamilton     |
| <i>Maria, Olivia's woman</i> .....                        | Irene Cushing      |
| Lords, Sailors, Officers and other Attendants.            |                    |





*After the play. Mr. Shoop turning off the lights. A little group of belated spectators moving toward the door.*

*First Spectator.* By my troth, and that was excellent well done.

*Second Spectator.* Ay, and it was. Methinks the play became them well. Do you mind the Duke, in his foolish love-making? One could easily see the training of a Normal School.

*First Spectator.* But when I think of Malvolio, cross-gartered, I would burst my ribs with merriment.

*Third Spectator.* I' the faith, was he not a dupe for Maria's foolery?

*Second Spectator.* Ay, and she plays pranks just as she plays basket ball, for the very fun of the thing.

*Fourth Spectator.* Did'st see how she did chuck poor Sir Andrew upon the ear, when he would chuck her under the chin? Sir Andrew was not the sober instructor of chemistry which he was wont to be.

*First Spectator.* Then there was Sir Toby, who did dote on his cakes and ale. One would think he had never passed a sober day in all his life.

*Second Spectator.* Ay, and when he and the fool and Sir Andrew and Fabian did rollick together, it were indeed a task to pick out the fool but for his cap. They and Maria did make a merry group.

*Third Spectator.* What did'st thou think of the stately countess, Olivia. Wast not unlike a Normal school scene, to see so many men about the poor sad lady? But she finally married one of the good-looking twins, Sebastian, by name, did she not?

*Second Spectator.* And the other married the love-sick duke. I would have married her to one of those jolly sea captains. They were not married in the play.

*Third Spectator.* Methinks the attendants, Curio and Valentine, should become attendants to some of our good faculty, they served so well, and the priest, he might train all our boys in the rudiments of priestcraft.

*First Spectator.* I' the faith, it was fine altogether.

*All.* Ay, so it was, it was.

{*Exeunt.*}

## THE BEN GREET SUPERS SPEAK

### ACT I.

SCENE I. *Boys' dressing-room. Enter Ward, Howard, Mac, Dale and McGrath carrying costumes for the play.*

*Howard.* Ward, is your suit all there? There's something wrong here. The string that laces up my leather jacket is busted.

*Ward.* These here shoes ain't big enough for me. I'll see if I can't find some others.

*Howard.* I wonder if they'll give us much to do or if they've got anything for us to say? I wish they'd hurry up and let us know, so we can learn it.

*Ward.* Have we got to talk? Shorty, he told me that there wouldn't be nothing for us to say. I guess I'll go out the back way and hide 'til the show's over.

*Mac.* Why, Shorty said that all we had to do was to be supers. I don't think there'll be so much for us to do.

*Howard.* We'll have to hurry if we get dressed before the play begins.

SCENE II. *The Gym. Players dressing at table. Enter Ward and Howard.*

*Ward.* Say, that there table with the looking-glasses and boxes on it looks like an exhibition that we seen at the farmers' institute.

*Howard.* Gee, that's an awful fat man over there that's putting on his whiskers.

*Ward.* He ain't really as fat as that. I seen him stuffing padding into his tights when I came down to dress.

*Howard.* I wish they'd paint us up so they won't know us if we make any breaks.

*Ward.* Or give us whiskers. Let's go and find the dub that brought us in, and see when the show's going to begin.

### ACT II.

SCENE I. *Behind the scenes. Enter Ward and Howard.*

*Ward.* (Aside.) I wish somebody'd come and introduce me to some of them good looking ladies there; I'd like to talk to them. I guess I won't tho', for fear they'll sting me if I butt in on them.

*Howard.* (Aside.) I'd like to talk to that girl over there, but I'm afraid that if I spoke to her, she'd throw a lemon at me.

*Ward.* (Aloud.) Them there witches sounded like Puffer singing, didn't they?

*Enter Dale and McGrath.*

*Dale.* Gee, but the wind is blowing! I never knew it to blow so hard before. It must be storming.

*McGrath.* Ding it, I wonder if a cyclone's coming. By gum, it's coming nearer. Say, I wonder if it could do much damage if it struck us? It sure would do the crops a lot of harm. Guess I'll go out and look around a bit.

*Exeunt Dale and McGrath.*

*Ward.* I wonder how that there noise was made. Guess I'll go see.

*Exit.*

*Howard.* For John's sake, how long is it going to be until the end of this bum show? I wish it was all over.

*Re-enter Ward.*

*Ward.* Oh, hen, I wonder why I didn't think of that before.

*Howard.* Well, what's the matter now?

*Ward.* Why, that there wind was made on a machine that they've got by the other door.

*Enter Player.*

*Player.* Be quiet, boys, for the night-walking scene will soon commence, which must be very still. *Exit.*

*Ward.* Who's that there lady with that white thing on? She looks as if she'd just got out of bed. I bet she's a good looker when she's dressed up. I shouldn't think they'd let her go out there without no more clothes on than what she's wearing.

*Enter Player.*

*Player.* Come, boys, you're wanted on the other side to help make shouts and laughter.

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AT THE

Mallie Hill



THE FOOTBALL SEASON

The season of 1907 was rather a disappointment. The material was good, but it appeared early in the season that there were two or three weak spots which could not be strengthened, and it was against these spots the opponents made their gains throughout the season. This, together with the inability to get all the men together for team work, delayed the development of a smoothly running machine till almost the last game. Our first game was played against the strong Rockford eleven, fresh from their victory over Beloit College, and while the score was 29 to 0 against us, the game was hard fought. The next game was with the Alumni, and this was lost by the smallest possible margin, 6 — 5. On October 26, the old Normal team, the college champions of Illinois, came to Glidden Field. In the first half they scored eighteen points, but in the second the boys rallied and with Kays' magnificent punting held their heavier antagonists to no score, the game ending 18 — 0. At Elgin the team showed fine bursts of form, but these did not come often enough and Elgin won, 11 — 5. The next game was a walkaway for Normal. The light St. Charles team had no show at all, as the score, 59 — 0, tells. The season closed with a fine game at Platteville, Wis. Here, for the first time, the team showed consistent team work and deserved victory, if hard, steady playing by every man could have won — but a tie score was the best that could be made, 0 — 0.

LINE-UP

|                 |       |                   |       |
|-----------------|-------|-------------------|-------|
| Woodburn.....   | L. E. | Finkenbinder..... | R. T. |
| I. Madden.....  | L. T. | Kays.....         | R. E. |
| Givens } .....  | L. G. | McMurry.....      | Q. B. |
| Heitter } ..... |       |                   |       |
| Johnson .....   | C.    | W. Madden...      | F. B. |
| Holly } .....   | R. G. | Walthers.....     | L. H. |
| Plank } .....   |       | Puffer.....       | R. H. |



## TO THE NINETEEN-SEVEN FOOTBALL TEAM



WHEN we remember that in almost every game  
You've played, you failed to win, or seldom tied  
The score; though none may doubt how hard you  
tried  
To win by fair means, just as great a fame,  
With line-up and opponents quite the same,  
As last year's team in whom we took such pride,—  
It seems a luckless change has come; the tide  
Has turned against you, though yours not the blame.

But when we think that never on the field  
Have you done aught but what a player should,  
Have struggled fairly and as fairly lost,  
Determined never to the end to yield,  
Though beaten, still have done the best you could,  
We feel indeed the game was worth the cost.

*The Center:* Jack of all trades, master of all.

*The Forward:* Alternately loved and cursed.

*The Guard:* The man we blame if we lose, forget if we win.

*The Timekeeper:* He holds our eternal happiness in his hand.

*The Scorekeeper:* An historian who deals in minutes, not decades.

*The Referee:* If he be for us, who can be against us?

*The Umpire:* Usually a silent spectator; at times more active. See referee.

*The Game:* Breathless silence, a rush, a roar,— it is over, and we wonder why we seem so hoarse.

The thing you would give ten years of your life to win, and forget the next day if you lose.

EVA STEVENS.

*THE CRISIS*

“Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!”

The crowd on the sidelines yelled,

“Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!”

Yelled the crowds the balcony held.

Back and forth flew the basket ball,

Back and forth the players all

Wrestled and jumped with might and main,

Struggling the winning goal to gain.

“Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!”

The crowd on the sidelines yelled,

“Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!”

Yelled the crowds the balcony held.

“Two minutes to play!” And the score in doubt!

They plunged and twisted and whirled about,

Till out of the heap our forward tall

Sidestepped, dodged and tossed the ball.

“Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!”

The crowd on the sidelines yelled,

“Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!”

Yelled the crowds the balcony held,

While the ball into the basket fell,

And the gym went wild with shout and yell.

Yet there were those who were feeling sore,

For Normal had beaten Sycamore.

WILLIAM JOHNSON.

*BASKET BALL*

*LINE UP*

| FIRST TEAM              |                 | SECOND TEAM   |         |
|-------------------------|-----------------|---------------|---------|
| Kays.....               | Forward         | Arreza.....   | Forward |
| Givens.....             | Forward         | Walthers..... | Forward |
| I. Madden.....          | Center          | Woodburn..... | Centre  |
| Puffer.....             | Guard           | Ross.....     | Guard   |
| Johnston.....           | Guard           | Heitter.....  | Guard   |
| Woodburn, sub.....      | Center          |               |         |
| Capt. Walters, sub..... | Forward         |               |         |
|                         | Coach, Kellogg. |               |         |

*WHAT WE DID*

|                            |        |    |
|----------------------------|--------|----|
| Y. M. C. A. — 29.....      | Normal | 17 |
| Sugar Grove — 28.....      | "      | 25 |
| Alumni — 21.....           | "      | 31 |
| Sugar Grove — 13.....      | "      | 18 |
| Elgin H. S.— 14.....       | "      | 60 |
| Sycamore H. S.— 26.....    | "      | 30 |
| Rockford H. S.— 41.....    | "      | 15 |
| DeKalb H. S.— 28.....      | "      | 18 |
| Sycamore — 36.....         | "      | 16 |
| Y. M. C. A.— 28.....       | "      | 29 |
| Rockford H. S.— 37.....    | "      | 31 |
| DeKalb H. S.— 28.....      | "      | 38 |
| Y. M. C. A.— 25.....       | "      | 26 |
| Games won 7. Games lost 6. |        |    |





HOWARD JOHNSTON



RAY PUFFER



IRWIN MADDEN



BERT KAYS



ROY WOODBURN



ELLSWORTH GIVENS



CLARENCE WALTHERS

FIRST TEAM

## THE BASEBALL SEASON

Base ball prospects at the Normal are the most promising they have been for several seasons. With eight of last year's teams still playing and the old battery working better than ever, the season should be one to be remembered, for the victories won.

Our start has been good, for we have won three of the four games played, one of the victories being over Northwestern College.

We have yet to meet Northwestern College, Sycamore, Elgin, De Kalb, Wheaton College, Genoa, a team from University of Wisconsin and the Alumni.

### LINE-UP

|                |        |                |          |
|----------------|--------|----------------|----------|
| Woodburn.....  | 1st B. | Walthers.....  | .C. F.   |
| Love.....      | 2d B.  | I. Madden..... | .L. F.   |
| Puffer.....    | S. S.  | W. Madden..... | .C.      |
| Johnstone..... | 3d B.  | Kays.....      | .P.      |
| Givens.....    | R. F.  | Coach.....     | .Kellogg |

### THINGS THE ROOTERS WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Why Dutch dropped in the batting order?

What will happen to W. Madden if he doesn't let the crowd alone?

Where the ball would go if Love should hit it?

When Kays can wear his grin again?

Why Pa Madden sleeps on bases?

What makes Ellsworth move so slowly?

Where Howard learned to play third base?

Why the pitchers all fear Runt?

Where Woodburn gets his hair cut?

How Kellogg takes defeat so gracefully?



### *JUNIOR ATHLETIC PARTY*

Early in the fall the Juniors decided to have a party. They racked their brains for two terms and at last determined to win fame and give pleasure through the medium of an athletic meet. The date for the meet was set for Friday evening, April the tenth. The place was to be the Normal gymnasium.

Each class could enter one man in each event. The Juniors, thinking to enhance the glory of their prospective victory by vanquishing opponents of greater fame, formed their eligibility rules in such a way that the learned Faculty might enter a team if they so desired. The Faculty, thinking that a wreath of victory might yet become their noble brows, immediately accepted the challenge and entered a team.

Mr. Charles, ever the patron saint of the Juniors, undertook the responsibility of running off the meet.

The first event of the meet was the potato race, an event requiring the utmost concentration of energy, steadiness of nerve as well as speed. Dr. McMurry seemed to have lost none of his pristine agility and easily took first. The potato race for girls was run in very poor form and won by the Juniors.

The second event was the shot put, an exercise especially designed for the development of poise and symmetry and complete co-ordination in physical development. Kays, the Senior entrant, was an easy winner.

The next event was the low hurdles, in which the loquacious Miss Thackaberry exceeded all others in her ability to loquate, and won in a walk.

The wheelbarrow race came next.

The Seniors entered a German car, especially designed for them, with a view to endurance and speed and which being cleverly driven by a Filipino chauffeur, completed the course first. The last event, the relay race, an event which has the merit of including a great number on each team, thus developing team-work, was won by the Freshmen.

After a computation of points won by each team, it was seen that the Faculty and Seniors tied for first place. A coin was tossed to determine the winner and the Faculty won. A very beautiful loving cup was presented to the winning team, Mr. Charles making the presentation speech, Mr. McMurry receiving it in behalf of the Faculty. The winner of first place in each event, was presented with a medal as an emblem of victory.

The meet was a decided success and the Juniors are to be congratulated upon the originality displayed in the choice of programme, and the novel method of decoration used. The two terms they spent in planning brought splendid results.



### *OUR RECRUITS*

New girls came, as new ones will,  
 Tiptoeed in so nice and still,  
 Told Miss Foster, at her call  
 They would all learn basket-ball.  
 Ere a week had passed away  
 They had done more work than play.  
 Ran a little, ran some more,  
 Landed often on the floor;  
 Thought the game was mighty hard,  
 Wondered how the "First Team" starred.  
 Missed the baskets on the wall,  
 Vowed they'd give up basket-ball.

Never mind, my brave beginners,  
 Some day you will all be winners;  
 You'll be stronger if you try;  
 You'll make first team by and by.  
 Scrubs must work, but work is fun;  
 Pretty soon success is won.

ZOE MELVILLE



# The Season's Record

## ALUMNI PLAY FIRST GAME OF THE SEASON.

At De Kalb last night, our Alumni girls were given their first defeat of the year. The game was hardly contested, but the Normal team proved too strong for our somewhat lighter aggregation. The work of the Normal girls should be commended, for at all points of the game the team was in the highest form. The quick team work and steady basket throwing of the forwards were too much to overcome, although our plucky little guards played an extremely fast game. The game ended with a score of 2-23. — *Alumni Jester*.

## LOST IN BIG HALL DEFEAT DUE TO OVERCONFIDENCE. NORMAL STARTS SEASON WITH BRILLIANT VICTORY.

Sycamore girls were badly defeated by the De Kalb Normal girls last night in the latter's gymnasium. Lack of speed was the most noticeable feature of the game. Score 20-2 was made after thirty minutes play. — *Associated Press*.

(Sycamore papers please copy.)

## A PAGE FROM A BASKET BALL GIRL'S JOURNAL.

Feb. 7. 6:30 P. M. Found Henrietta. Sleigh ride to the tune of "William Goat." Frances loses her (?) mitten. Did "Short" find it?

7:15 P. M. Arrive at the Eureka, Genoa, and register.

Play begins promptly at 8 P. M. Opera House crowded. Double bill. Sycamore boys play Genoa Athletic Association, and we score 23 while Genoa girls make 8 points.

9:30 P. M. Orchestra tunes up.

10:00 P. M. Dancing while Miss Earle entertains as well as detains Sycamore.

11:05 P. M. "Yes, this must be the last one."

12:00 P. M. Lights out.

5:00 A. M. Lights on!

7:00 A. M. Breakfast! Elgin the next point of attack.

## ELGIN GIRLS LOSERS

DeKalb Normal Shut Out Y. W. C. A. 21 to 0

In the game with De Kalb girls, Elgin put up a hard struggle all the time, but was clearly outclassed by the team work of the Normals, which at times it was almost impossible to break up. The Y. W. C. A. team was handicapped by the absence of their center, but was in the game all the time. The normal line-up was: Misses Lundberg, Gastfield, Earle, Hamilton and Moorhead. The line-up for the local team was Misses Whipple, Wicklund, St. John, Olson, Kocher.

Mr. Nelson Kellogg acted as referee and Mr. Miller as umpire.

A good sized gallery witnessed the game.

— *The Elgin Daily News*.

## DOUBLE GAME BETWEEN NORMAL AND SYCAMORE

By way of diversion, the Normal Basket Ball girls took a jaunt to Sycamore, on February 21, and gave the County Seat High School girls some more pointers about the game. The essential feature of the evening was the "field" stars — not the basket ball field stars nor the cornfield, but the "Gastfield" stars — who made twenty-seven points out of the thirty.

The High School girls were outclassed from start to finish; and when time was called, the N. I. girls had won by a score of 38-10.

— *Sycamore Truth*.

## BASKET BALL AT NORMAL "GYM"

A good sized crowd turned out last night to see the game at Normal. The game between Normal and Genoa girls was too much of a run-away to be interesting. The fast pace and clever team work put up by the Normal girls bewildered the Genoa team. Miss Lundberg, forward for Normal, scored almost at will. Genoa's only point came on a free throw by Miss Brown.

Normal, 37; Genoa, 1.

Lundberg, s. f.; A. Gastfield, r. f.; R. Earle, c. M. Moorhead, l. f.; E. Hamilton, captain, r. g.

Genoa — M. Brown, s. f.; L. Hutchinson, r. f.; A. Stewart, c.; V. Crawford, l. g.; R. Crawford, r. g.

— *De Kalb Chronicle*.

## FULTON VERSUS NORMAL

The game last night between our team and that of the DeKalb Normal was a runaway for the latter. No better team work has ever been seen on our floor than that displayed by the visitors, who succeeded in rolling up 33 points against our single basket. — *Fulton Happenings*.

## AUGUSTANA GIRLS DEFEATED

The game between the Normal and College girls resulted in the score of 28 to 7, in favor of the former. The game was the cleanest exhibition of basket ball seen in the college "Gym" this year. The playing of the Normal five was of the highest order and it is extremely doubtful if there is a girls' team in the state that can defeat them. They claim an unbroken line of victories for the last two years. — *Rock Island Argus, March 9th*.

Win? Of course we won — how could we help it? Didn't the Alumni girls of Rock Island and Moline line up on the bleachers with yells, colors and songs, cheering us on to victory? And had they not already been most royal hostesses in meeting us at Davenport, entertaining us at a well appointed luncheon, in the Dutch dining room at Fejevary Park, and had they not taken us for a boat ride on the "Father of Waters?"

We say three times three for those Alumni.

— *The Team*.



# The Season's Record

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THIS YEAR'S WINNERS OF THE N. I.



The Juniors gay and Seniors grave  
 Agreed to have a battle;  
 They challenged each other in "General Ex"  
 With much of laugh and prattle.

When first they met down in the "Gym"  
 The classes separated,  
 And each one in his heart did think  
 The other side was fated.

The first great "stunt" the Juniors won,  
 And when the cheers abated  
 No Seniors could be found at all,  
 For they had abdicated.

Once more upon the battle field  
 The teams played hard and fast;  
 Again the green and gold won out,  
 The Seniors — stood aghast.

But in the third great conflict,  
 The Senior team prevailed,  
 And by their hated rivals,  
 The Juniors were impaled.

The Seniors went into the fray  
 With laughter most derisive:  
 But lo, the Juniors conquered  
 In the battles most decisive.

ZOE MELVILLE.





LITERARY.

## WHEN JUNE IS HERE



AGAINST the azure sky the fleecy clouds are drifting;  
The birds dart in and out among the freshly budded  
leaves.  
The butterflies from bush to bush are flitting;  
The swallows circle to their home beneath the moss-  
grown eaves,  
And June is here.

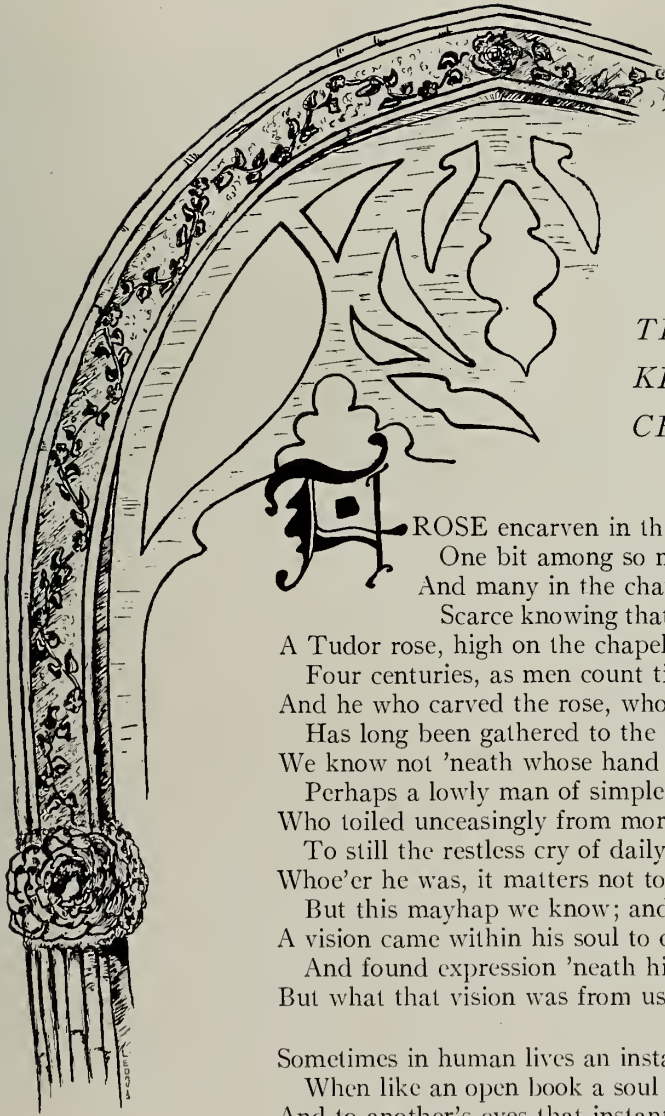
The lilacs hang in purple clusters o'er the fences;  
The snowballs gently bow below their load of white;  
The forest in its new awakened beauty,  
Seems all aglimmer in the mellow summer light,  
For June is here.

But soon again the waving grain will ripen;  
The golden-rod along the roadside bend;  
The asters purple all the rolling meadows,  
For all too quickly comes the summer to its end.  
But now it's June.

For now the streams are softly flowing 'neath the willows;  
The southern breeze scarce stirs the dust along the ways,  
That leads to farmhouse, town or village,  
Towards home and rest, and glad vacation days,  
For June is here.

HOMER HALL.





*THE ROSE OF  
KING'S COLLEGE  
CHAPEL*

ROSE encarven in the chiseled stone,  
One bit among so much of handcraft rare,  
And many in the chapel come and go,  
Scarce knowing that the rose itself is there.

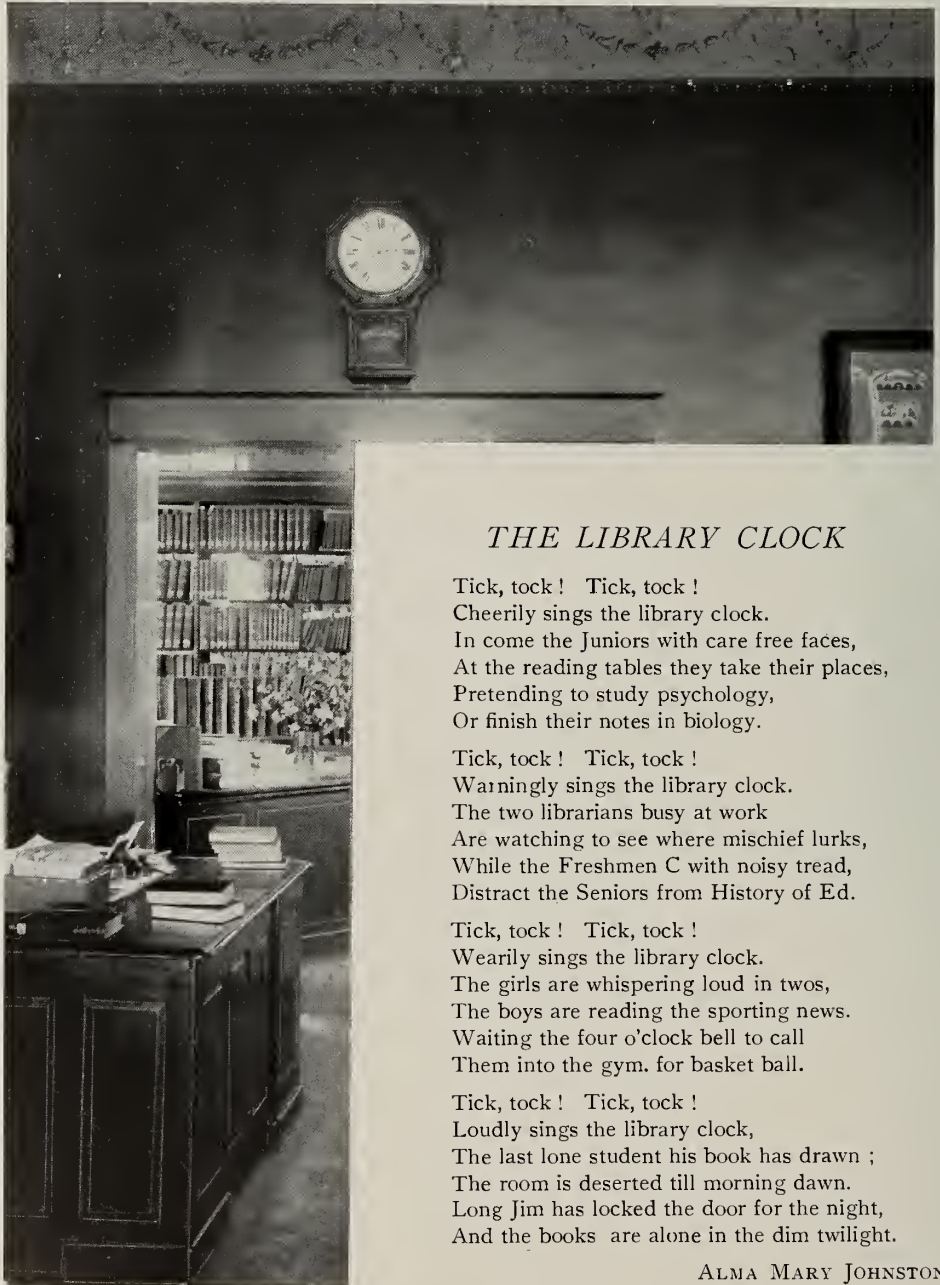
A Tudor rose, high on the chapel wall,  
Four centuries, as men count time, have fled,  
And he who carved the rose, whoe'er he was,  
Has long been gathered to the silent dead.  
We know not 'neath whose hand the chisel moved.  
Perhaps a lowly man of simple creed,  
Who toiled unceasingly from morn till eve  
To still the restless cry of daily need.

Whoe'er he was, it matters not to us.  
But this mayhap we know; and matters much,  
A vision came within his soul to dwell  
And found expression 'neath his chisel's touch.  
But what that vision was from us is hid.

Sometimes in human lives an instant comes  
When like an open book a soul lies bare,  
And to another's eyes that instant's flash  
Reveals the rare, sweet spirit dwelling there.  
Perhaps the radiance of a wondrous glance  
From such a soul passed to the artist's own,  
And to the uplift and the vision caught  
He carved this mute memorial in stone.  
Howe'er it was, long, silent years passed by,  
Unnoticed lay the face so shadowy fair,  
And many in the chapel came and went  
Ere any knew that it was carven there.

— ELIZABETH BASCOM POWERS.





### *THE LIBRARY CLOCK*

Tick, tock ! Tick, tock !  
Cheerily sings the library clock.  
In come the Juniors with care free faces,  
At the reading tables they take their places,  
Pretending to study psychology,  
Or finish their notes in biology.

Tick, tock ! Tick, tock !  
Warningly sings the library clock.  
The two librarians busy at work  
Are watching to see where mischief lurks,  
While the Freshmen C with noisy tread,  
Distract the Seniors from History of Ed.

Tick, tock ! Tick, tock !  
Wearily sings the library clock.  
The girls are whispering loud in twos,  
The boys are reading the sporting news.  
Waiting the four o'clock bell to call  
Them into the gym. for basket ball.

Tick, tock ! Tick, tock !  
Loudly sings the library clock,  
The last lone student his book has drawn ;  
The room is deserted till morning dawn.  
Long Jim has locked the door for the night,  
And the books are alone in the dim twilight.

ALMA MARY JOHNSTON.

## IN THE LIBRARY



LIKE to sit in the library. I enjoy the gentle hubbub, the social buzz. All unconsciously, while I thought I was studying, I have become acquainted with the people there. I know who it is that walks with a certain brisk step, and who it is that ambles along. I know who takes this little mincing step, and who that characteristic long stride. I have learned who walks flatfooted and who steps much heavier with the right foot than with the left. I know the squeak of a certain pair of shoes, I know whose feet go "pitapat, pitapat," all the way around the room. I know the girl with springs in her feet, who goes trip, trip, trip, trip, from one table to another; and the girl with the noisy heels — even the most concentrated minds are not proof against that thud, thud, thud, as she bursts through the room like a young hurricane.

It is such fun to watch people. There is the dreamer; her book lies open before her as she sits with half closed eyelids, gazing afar off. Now she comes back to earth, but only long enough for one glance at the open page, and then she is off to dreamland again. Wouldn't you like to know her dreams? The magazine fiend is in her accustomed place by the farther window, lost to the world as she rapturously devours the enticing pages in her eagerness to see if "he gets her." Off by herself, sitting bolt upright in her chair and gazing ceilingward is a girl whose lips move rapidly and mysteriously, whose body sways back and forth in accompaniment, and whose expression is now agonized, now deeply thoughtful, now triumphant. I wonder at this excited conversation she is seemingly holding with herself, until after persistently studying the violent workings of her mouth, I am able to interpret—

"There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,  
The earth and every common sight,"

and then I understand.

One girl does have the best visits. You can always see her leaning over somebody's chair, chatting away. From one table to another she goes in her round of social calls. There is a man who is always trying his persuasive powers on anyone who will listen to him. Hear the conversation he is holding with his latest victim — "You can do it, I know you can. Why, all the faculty say you are just great at this sort of thing. Now I am not telling you this to jolly you. I wouldn't say it if it weren't true." It goes without saying that he is getting up the next program for a literary society.

I have covertly watched, with secret enjoyment, the development of a delightful little romance. How skillfully they two maneuver to sit at the same table — you would almost think it happened by chance! How seemingly indifferent she is to his questionings as she pores over her book, lifting her eyes only now and then to rest their full glory on him for a fraction of a second! How well things go between them on some days; how poorly on others! But he continues his efforts undaunted — “in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persistent ever.”

Certain higher beings, too, move about in this world, with commanding presence. There are the two librarians who preserve peace and order in their community with quiet firmness — the little one with her quick ways; the tall one, stately and gracious. There is one who comes often just within the door, diffident and unassuming, looks searchingly about for a minute, then breaks the silence of the room with her austere announcement, “You are wanted at the office.” The dignified critic passes through with her little yellow note book in hand. There is the “Big Chief,” who swings through the room with his long stride, bringing with him an atmosphere of autumn sunshine, and wind-swept fields and touch-downs.

And while I sit and dreamily gaze and idly muse in this library world, my imagination finds unconfined joy. In my mind I fashion a past which has given this maiden her “glad, wild ways,” and left its golden glow upon her; which has brought this man his strength and self-reliance and made him the power that he is; which tells the story of the tender sorrow in this gentle, womanly face. And then, in the realm of my fancy, I build me a world that is to be in the days that are to come — and in its larger activities and wider responsibilities I find fitting places for the men and maids of the library world.

MAE FOSTER.



THE NORMAL LAKE



*THE MAIL MAN*

Blessings on thee, busy man,  
Gray-coat man, with bag of tan,  
With thy load of missives sweet,  
Thou'rt the one we long to meet.  
From the rooms and in the hall,  
Each one rushes at thy call  
With impatient move and jest  
To get there before the rest.  
And we may only sigh, alack!  
If we find not in thy pack  
Messages from friend or mother,  
Or it may be from that brother.  
Then let others go their way  
Still we'll look for thee each day,  
Thou hast what we eager seek  
In thy bag, oh let us peek.  
Just a glance, a smile, or frown,  
Seems to be thy only crown,  
But to thee we'll tribute bring,  
And aloud thy praises sing.

ELIZABETH TENNANT.

*PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM A VISITOR AT THE CULVER  
HOUSE*

I attend the Northern Normal, and my name I will not state.  
I've not been up to rough-housing or such conduct of late,  
But I'll tell in simple language what I know about the scrap  
Which resulted from the rude awakening of Given's nap.

But first I would remark that it is rude in the extreme  
To throw your room-mate on the floor and take a seat on him,  
And if these soft caresses happen not to suit his whim,  
He shouldn't try to punch your ribs or kick you in the shin.  
Now nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see  
Than the way the boys in Bert's room were conversing pleasantly,



When Irve picked up a pillow and threw it at the bed  
Where Ward was snoozing peacefully, and hit him in the head.

Then Ellsworth jumped up suddenly, and grabbed the Irishman;  
They rolled about upon the floor, and then the fun began,  
For Dutch, he took a dive at Bert, and Shorty joined the fray,  
And soon the scene within that room looked like a moving day.

Now, I hold it is not proper to grab a fellow's hair,  
And try to haul him through the door and throw him down the stair,  
Nor should an individual whose neck is being bent  
Reply by jabbing at your jaw to any great extent.

In less time than I write it, those Seniors did engage  
In a warfare with the pillows, unbecoming to their age,  
And the way they slung their shoes in their excitement was a sin,  
When there came a knocking at the door, and the landlady looked in.

And this is all I have to say of this same pleasant game,  
For I think the interruption at that moment was a shame;  
But I've told in simple language what I know about the scrap  
Which resulted from this rude awakening of Ellsworth's nap.

DONALD MCMURRY



*MR. HOOLIGAN PAYS AN OFFICIAL VISIT TO THE  
NORMAL DURING THE SUMMER TERM  
AND GIVES HIS IMPRESSIONS*

“Solomon must have bin a very larned man, Murty; th’ Queen uv Sheba said he wuz, an judgin’ be th’ advice he gev on th’ thrainin’ uv children, I’m inclined t’ agree wid th’ lady.

“Whin me fren’, Giev’nor Deneen, axed me to go to DeKalb an’ invistigate th’ State thraninin’ school for taachers, I consinted, believin’ ’twas a sacred thrust, an’ whin Dochter Cook met me at th’ stashun wid all th’ mimbers uv th’ Faculty lined up on th’ platform. I raalized th’ importance uv me jooty. Afther they wur all prisinted, th’ Dochter tuk me in his autymobeel an’ dhrew me all over town an showed me th’ new thirty-five story hotel, just like th’ Waldorf Asthoria, an’ th’ Stock Exchange, an’ th’ parks, an’ th’ elevated railroad, an’ th’ steel works, an’ lots uv illigent residinces, an’ th’ branches uv th’ mint, where they make mint juleps.

“‘We had a grand dhrove down along th’ river to th’ school,’ sez he as we stopped on a bridge over a little sthrame uv coffee-colored water that ye cud go over in a standin’ jump. ‘Where’s th’ river,’ sez I. ‘Why, that’s it,- that’s th’ Kishwaukee,’ sez he. ‘An’ what’s thim kids doin’ on th’ bank?’ sez I. ‘Catchin’ suckers,’ sez he. ‘Thru for ye,’ sez I. They must be, or they’d niver be in such a place.’ Mebbec me remarks wurn’t polite but I couldn’t help meself. But th’ Dochter’s a foine man wid lots uv larnin’ tucked away under his golf cap, an’ if he wuz vexed he niver let on, for he med me a mimber in th’ Chew-ther club, wun uv th’ swell places in th’ town.

“Next mornin’ we dhruv down to th’ school. I niver tumbled over meself t’-praise Misther Altgeld, but whin I saw th’ grand buildin’ for all the wurruld like Windsor Castle, I tuk off me caubeen to his mimory; then nothin’ wud do th’ Dochter but I must sit on th’ platform in th’ Chapel wid him an’ th’ Professers. Every mornin’ they have singin’ an’ a lecture or spaaches or recitin’; I haven’t time to tell ye about them all but the Music wus foine, faith it ought to be, for the lady in charge uv it can make th’ pianna sound like St. Pathrick’s harp, an’ she has a voice like th’ cooin uv a turtle duv. An’

talkin' about singin,' ye should hear Misther Parson knockin' the consate out uv Caruso, an' wan mornin' we coaxed th' Dochter to sing 'Rory O'More,' an' mabbe he didn't do it to th' Queen's taste.

"But say, Murty, I must tell ye uv a chap named Whitten that gev a lecture on Fire; he's a peach an' no mestake. He med fire out uv wather an' tuk such lashins uv sparks out uv me whiskers, an' blew flames out uv his nostrhils like ould Beelzebub till the smell uv brimstone most scared me to death an' he finished up by burnin' a hole through a two inch oak plank wid his little finger.

"They have a foine library, an' a lady in it as polite as a grand duchess; what she doesn't know about books, wud fit on a postage stamp. . 'Is this a Carnagy,' sez I. 'No, sez she, 'we don't ait Scotch oats just for th' sake uv payin' a big price for them, it's a gift from wan uv our citizens.' 'His soul t' glory,' sez I, 'an more power to his big fist.'

"I cuddn't but notiz how ordherly things wur in th' buildin'; no whisperin' nor gossipin' nor courtin' on the stairs — there wer'nt enuff men to do that. Every wan seemed to wear felt slippers, an' th' way they glided about reminded me uv Gum-Shoe Bill Stone uv Missouri. The girls have no time to bother about Merry Widda hats nor Marcellus waves an' the men have to shave wid th' razor in wan hand an' tyin' a shoe sthring wid th' other.

"There's classes in dhrawin', an' paintin', an' histhory, an' grammar, an' geography, an' Misther Charles taaches all about birds, an' frogs, an' buttherflies, an, pollywogs an' other dumestic animals. He has a rale Zoo in th' back yard that's intherestin' whin th' wind's not comin' your way. There's a man-aitin' tiger from Tammany. It lost a piece uv its tail an' wan eye in '96, an' a rale "lyin" that wanst belonged to Misther Hearst till it got too tame for him, an' an alligather that sings 'All coons luk alike to me,' an' a whole raft uv other household pets.

"I med a good many visits to th' Algebray class, where a nice, unassumin' young lady juggles wid facthors an' quadratics an' binomials jist as aisy as a Hindoo fakir handles a cobra, an' I often dhropped in on Misther Gilbert whose favorite mornin' meal is Pedagogy. Av coorse ye don't know what that manes; well its taachin' taachers how t' teach. Th' word comes from the same Latin root as peddler, because they both dale in noshuns. Och, 'twould do ye good to hear him talk on noshuns giniral an' indivigool, an' raisons

an' systems an' the relashun uv moind t' matther. He's a nice man wid a merry twinkle in his eye, but I wuddn't recommind ye to get gay wid him, or ye'd find yeself in a back sate an' shakin' hands wid the Professor for the honor.

"But littlerachoor's me sthrong point, avick, an' the lady that taaches it is what Mистер Sam Weller wud call a tip topper. Wan mornin' th' class wuz discussin' th' play uv Hamlet an' I wuz invited to spake. 'Kin ye tell me,' sez I, 'who wuz Roger Bacon?' Up wint a dozen hands, an' I nodded me head to wan young woman. Sez she, 'He wuz a son uv Ham, discinded from Noah on his mother's side an' a distant relashun uv J. Ham Lewis uv Chicago, an' Mистер Shakespeare an' Ignatius Donnelly wrote the play uv Hamlet in his honor. Well, sorr, that floored me untirely an' 'twas only the ringin uv th' gong that saved me frum a knock-out.

"The grounds roun' th' buildin' are foinc, beautiful lawns laid out wid flower beds, an' roses, an' pansies, an' daffy down dillies, an' rale Irish ivy on the walls. If any one finds a weed in the beds he telefones t' th' head gardener an' he sinds down a squad uv six or eight picked men, an' they hould a consultation over it like a botany class, an' then it's put in a hand cart wid rubber tires an' away they go like cock Robin's funeral.

"I wuz in the gymnashium wan day givin' th' Phillipeenas some wrinkles on the rings an' th' thrapeze, an' nothin' would satisfy Mister Kellogg but I must put on th' mitts wid him. Did I? Well, we sparred roun for a minute or two an' thin I landed a few good wallops an' — I hate t' tell th' rest, tis a sad tale— but he tuk th' batin' good natured, an' sez he, 'Ye're th' only man outside uv Jim Jeffries that cud do th' thrick.'

"There's an ould sayin' that facts is figgers an' figgers is rithmetic; well if there's many smarter men at th' black board thin Mистер Parson they must have been kidnapped by some other sate in larnin.' There's not a point in th' game that he hasn't at his finger ends; he can tell th' number in scales on a black bass or a buttherfly's wing in a twinklin', an' fractions an' decimals an' percentage an' square root to him are like milk to a kitten. He's great on puttin' a fence roun' a 640 acre lot, an' if th' Guv'nor needs a man to fix his fence in th' next campaign, I know where he can get him.

"Well, mabouchal, there's an end t' everthing, an' th't day kim fur th' commincement exercises. Why they get that name I can't say, except that

that's th' commincement in their thrubbles as taachers, but as me fren' Kiplin' sez, that's another story. The grajooatin' class marched into th' chapel all decked out wid yella an' white ribbons an' tuk front sates on th' platform. There wuz just sivinteen in them — sixteen women an' wan man — wouldn't that make the great chief of th' Omahahas do a sun dance? Aich uv thim got a beautiful diplomy wid a rale gould seal on it an' th' Dochter gev thim some good advice an' made a dhrawin' uv th' bumps they would get frum th' school directhers; he tould thim uv the big money there is in taachin' an' how they cud save enuff to go t' Europe ivery year. Then we sang a song, 'We love th' ould gray towers, so,'" an' gev th' school yell — I can't put it on paper — an' then made thracks for the daypo.

"As I wuz gettin' on th' thrain a lot uv the girls prisinted me wid a big basket uv roses an' such hand shakin' an' wavin' uv hankichers ye niver saw. 'Twas the proudest day uv me life as I shouted 'Good bye, Dochter, may ye never die till th' skin uv a gooseberry makes a night cap for ye.'"

G. FRANK TOWNLEY,  
Summer School, '07.







THE CAMPUS WOODS IN AUTUMN



THE brown leaves of the gray trunked, half bare trees  
The sun, soft dying, does in splendor steep;  
Shimmering waves upon a golden deep,  
They quiver in the autumn breeze.

The underbrush is gray and naked now,  
Bearing upon its branches here and there  
A single leaflet, fluttering in the air,  
Like a bird atilt upon its bough.

O'er all a silence wonderful and deep,  
But for the crackling twigs and rustling leaves  
Beneath our feet, and echoes on the breeze  
Of Nature's own wild sounds and sweet.

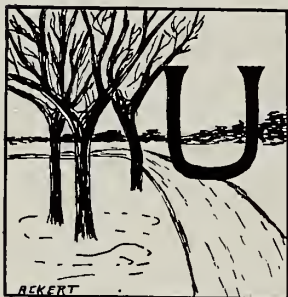
Through crisp, dry leaves the rushing of the wind,  
Like lapping waves on shores of distant seas;  
The flicker's loud "rap, rap" upon the trees;  
The junco's twitter, cheery, kind;

The black crow's lusty note from yon high tree;  
Sudden tumultuous screaming of the jays  
O'er some domestic strife; or happy lays  
Of merry hearted chickadee.

Discord abides not in this solitude,  
But rugged joy,— content in this sweet hour;  
And everywhere we feel the unseen power  
Of the Divine within the wood.

MAE FOSTER.

## THE PLOUGHMAN



UNDER the cold, grey sky of November,  
Up the long hills and down he plods,  
Watching the span of the brown earth widen  
Foot by foot, as he turns the clods.  
No chirp of cricket, nor cry of swallow,  
No last bright leaves from the hedges gleam,  
No sound but the wind as it wails through the hollow,  
And his own hoarse call to the lagging team.

Patently treads he the wake of the plow  
Over the dun hills, steady and slow,  
While the long, long night of the year comes on,  
And the sunset fires in the west burn low.  
The field may lie fallow for another's sowing;  
Wearily, wearily turns he the sod,  
Nearer the boundary line is growing  
And the plowman goes home to rest — with God.

RUTH SAFFORD.

## NATURE NOTES

MARCH 1. Many signs of spring are appearing with the arrival of March. It was reported in class that the girls have begun dancing on the Kilmer club front porch from 6:30 to 7:30 P.M. Every one is on the lookout for robins. Several of the boys have been seen sporting oxfords. The weather is hardly warm enough for the girls to moult their furs yet.

MARCH 2. Saw a flock of twelve or fifteen geese on the way to school this morning.

MARCH 3. Several robins have been reported. The frogs in the Biology lab croaked louder than usual to-day.

MARCH 4. Colder and windy to-day. Saw a lobster going up the front steps of the Benson club on the way to supper this evening.

MARCH 6. Heard several jays calling as I went past the Culver house this morning. A number of red-winged blackbirds and a few grackles have been seen.

MARCH 8. Saw a rose in the garden yesterday evening. This is very unusual for this time of the year. The wild flowers are blooming in Mr. Charles' front yard. Saw a dove and a jay perching on the railing of the Dadd's house front porch.

MARCH 11. Heard a flock of nightingales singing at Dunne's after supper this evening. The song sparrows and meadow larks are here.

MARCH 12. The weather is very warm and pleasant. Saw a robin this morning. The hens in the study hall cackled so loud this afternoon that they disturbed my studying. Some of the girls have seen a fox sparrow. It was reported that cooing was heard near the Freshman seat this evening.

DONALD McMURRY.

### DREAMS



IN summer days,  
When gardens and fields are lovely and fair,  
And the wandering butterflies float through the air,  
When the woods run over with song of bird,  
And the music of soft summer winds is heard,  
When the air is filled with the wild bees' hum,  
'Tis then I dream of the days to come.  
And there's never a thought for the days of old,  
When the sky was gray and the wind was cold.

In autumn days,  
When gardens and fields are lonely and bare,  
And the dead, dry leaves fall everywhere,  
When the woods are mourning the flight of birds,  
And the moaning of chill autumn winds is heard,  
When I listen in vain for the hum of bee,  
Then dreams of the past come back to me;  
And my thoughts are all with the days gone by,  
As the old glad hopes of a summer die.

NELLIE JACOBS.





## THE CHILD OF THE LONESOME MOOR

*It is a tale of the moorland, I have to tell  
you, a tale of the good little people, and of  
the child they lured within their faery  
raths.*

*For he dwelt in the glen on the edge of the  
lonesome moor, this little white child, and  
his hair was black and his eyes as blue as  
the twin lakes of Killarney. And the good little  
people in green loved the little white child,  
for his laugh was so glad and his voice so  
gay, and it's king of the faeries they would  
be after making him in the crystal palace on  
the Hills of Day.*

*So one misty summer even it chanced as  
the fall of twilight came upon his little moor-  
home, they drew him out upon the lonely  
moor slowly onward and onward to the old  
forsaken castle where each night they danced  
their faery dances. And 'tis into the old  
ruined hall they drew him and formed  
about him their faery ring and sang their  
faery songs of joy and gladness as they  
bound him with a gossamer thread. And  
they cast their faery charm upon him and  
changed him into a faery also, and placed  
upon his head the little pointed cap and  
gave to him his little suit of green. And  
they chose the whitest and the softest of  
the moon's bright beams and bore him  
thereon in the misty gleam of the summer*

*Have you heard of the good little people,  
The gay little people in green,  
And the child they lured from the lone-  
some moor.*

*At the wish of their own small queen.*

*Whisht then, and I'll tell you what happen-  
ed,*

*To the little white child of the glens,  
Whose hair was black and whose eyes  
were blue,*

*As the crystal lakes the sun shines thru;  
Whose laugh was so glad and whose voice  
was so gay,*

*Like the lilt of the lark on a summer's day,  
That the good little people in green,  
Wished to make him king, to their own  
small queen*

*In the mystical palace by fairyland's  
stream*

*So they lured him out on the lonely moor,  
Where never a step had he been before,  
And they drew him into the castle grey,  
Where they dance at eve 'neath the moon-  
beams gay,*

*And they led him into the ruined hall,  
Which gleamed with their fairy torches all,  
And they drew him into the fairy ring,  
And round about him their songs did sing,  
And bound him with a gossamer thread  
And laid their wands on his fair young  
head.*

*And changed him into a fairy small,  
With the little green suit and cap and all.  
And they bore him away on a moon-beam  
bright*

*In the misty gleam of the summer night,*





## THE CHILD OF THE LONESOME MOOR

(Concluded)

night over hills and glens to their faery homes on the Hills of Day, where the palace glittered with morning light and gleams of sunset, and they made him king of all the good little Folk in Green and built for him a throne of the heather bright that grew of old before his moorland home. And they told him all the secrets of their faery lore, the secret of eternal youth, the secret of the faery dance and song, the secret of the happy heart.

So he stayed with the good little people in the crystal palace forever and a day. And the faery sang for him of the moonlight and the starlight and played with him upon the rolling waves. And he parted with them upon the wind thru the dewy shadow of the woodland and danced like a twisted flame upon the mountain tops.

And oft to-day, in the twilight of his little home on the moor, you can hear the sounds of their faery music, as the little white child dances with his faery queen and the troops of the good little people.

And it's no mortal man ever knew what had happened to the little white child, for to the glens he never came home. But you have only to listen to the sighing wind as it comes from the mystic heights on the Hills of Day. For it is the wind tells the tale as it wails and moans thru the heart of the lonesome moor.

To their fairy homes on the Hills of Day,  
Far from the glens and moorlands away,  
Where the palace glittered with opal light  
And gleams of golden sunset bright.  
They made him king to their own small  
queen

And ruler o'er all the people in green.  
And they made a throne of heather bright  
That grew of old in the glen's soft light.  
And they told him the secrets of fairy lore,  
The secrets of youth forevermore,  
The secrets of magic and mystic song,  
Of the fairy power 'neath the green light's  
dawn,

So he stayed with the good little people  
In their homes on the Hills of Day.  
Where even the sad are happy of heart,  
And even the old are young and gay  
Where the fairies dance in the misty glens,  
Shaking their milk white feet in a ring  
Tossing their milk white arms in the air  
To the music the breezes sing.  
And oft to-day in the twilight,  
When the wind goes by with a moan,  
You can hear their fairy music  
As they dance in the glens so lone  
And the little white child is with them.  
In his cap of the fairy green.  
Like a twisted flame he dances  
There with his little queen.

And no mortal e'er knew what had hap-  
pened  
To the little white child of the glens,  
But the wind tells the tale as it wails away  
From the mystic heights on the Hills of  
Day

Thru the heart of the lonesome moor.

MABEL O'DONNELL.

*THE SONG OF OUR MEADOW LARK*

WHEN the chill, dreary days of late February were beginning to make us forget the hushed, half sad prophecy of the golden autumn, and the clear-eyed steadfastness of the winter sky, there returned to the meadows a little comrade of other days. In the chill, dewy mornings, before the sun came to dissolve the ghostly twilight; in the warm, yellow noons, when the waters of the lake flashed in joy, in the evenings, when the castle of the north flushed in the sunset and the windows turned to fire; — daily we heard his voice. His sweet, silvery song of courage and cheer rang an echo from our own hearts: “Oh truthful-cheerily!-a-truthful-cheerily!”

Oh, meadow-lark, you do not soar so high as your cousin; perhaps you carry no poet to the clouds; it is ever your lot to live upon the plains, lifting, with your faithful song, weary souls and sullen hearts, teaching mankind God’s truth. And you are indeed our own, for we who hear your voice, meadow-lark, we too live on the plains, among the children of men, not in the clouds of fame. Not to fill the world with awe at our brilliancy, not to be better, know more, than others; but to live truthfully cheerily, to give the children of our land the best we have — this is our higher life — to live the song of our meadow-lark.

RUTH BEATRICE ATWATER.

*THE AFTER GLOW*

Over the campus, the rising mist  
And the shadow-moon — the day’s work done,  
The Normal towers rise crimson kissed  
In the rays of the dying sun.

Over the campus, a silence deep;  
A breeze perfumed with the golden rod  
Lulls hill and woodland into sleep,—  
And over all, the peace of God.

ZOE MELVILLE.

*THE EYES OF A CHILD*

Would'st thou be shown the corners of thy heart,  
And see the inner secrets of thy soul?  
Would'st know if vice or virtue hath control?  
Then may'st thou feel an artless mirror's art,  
For if a single glance thou deign'st to dart  
Into this magic glass, it tells the whole  
Of all thy thought to thee; reveals the goal  
Of dearest hope; illumines every part.  
This mirror is a child's long-wondering eyes.  
In all their tranquil depths no subtle haze  
Of preconceived opinion can refract  
The frank reflection of thy soul that lies,  
Unrecognized, but clear, behind the gaze  
That scorneth art and ever bareth fact.

MARX HOLT.

*THE LAST TOAST OF A LITERARY SOCIETY PRESIDENT*

O, here's to the member who's loyal;  
Who's willing for programs to toil;  
Who attends business meetings in Room Thirty-two;  
Who serves on committees; who pays what is due —  
May he never his fair record soil!

And here's to the member disloyal  
Who makes his president toil  
To drag him to meetings in Room Thirty-two.  
And never will pay until long over-due—  
May his sins on his head recoil!

MARX HOLT

*NIGHT'S MINISTRY*

IM twilight darkens as the afterglow —  
Soft daughter of the sun, who ever moves  
Gracious attendant on his farewell steps,  
But, pitying man, yet lingers for awhile  
To warm with tenderer light the dying day —  
Thru yon wide western door now fades. The  
stars,  
Distinct but pale, burn trembling into view;  
And sparkling, gem with wondrous light the  
brow

Of swiftly deepening night. I am alone —  
Alone with God. He made that vast expanse  
That seems to grow and spread majestically  
Far into the eternity of space.  
He spoke and it was done. How broad and deep  
The fretted canopy thy hand has formed  
And spread above me! Night — this, this is thine —  
The precious hour when to thy Father heart  
We weary, struggling children can draw close,  
Forget the toil and strife the day called forth,  
Remember only that our Father lives  
And loves us. Those fire-studded depths above  
O'ervault thy many other children: those  
Who live and die, nor ever know thy truth,  
Save in a crude, untutored way, and those  
Who ever live within thy spirit's grace  
And strive to work thy works. O Lord, for thee  
I too would serve. I thank thee for the joys  
That others know; that year by year thy love  
Doth follow loyal hearts and broken lives  
Always. A wild o'ermastering tenderness  
Wells up within me for thy homeless ones,  
Thy poor and sick and wayward, and for those,  
The untried pilgrims of thy flock who know  
Thee, in their trustful innocence as yet  
Unshaken by the doubts and fears that vex  
Those who have wandered in the path and lost,

Save for but fitful gleams the marvellous light  
 That glows about thy throne. The cool night breeze  
 In shivering gusts I feel against my cheek;  
 The night is here. A still voice whispers me  
 To leave this peaceful quiet, for the night  
 Brings work as does the day. But silently,  
 And almost with a guilty pain, to thee  
 I would a human farewell raise. And now,  
 Farewell, thou sacred Night! And welcome, toil,  
 Who doth forerun the blessed sleep that gives  
 To weary minds a healing balm, anoints  
 With oil of peace. Farewell. My hour is gone.

RUTH BEATRICE ATWATER.

A PRAYER



IND LORD, a boon we ask — the greatest one —  
 Give us to keep through life the dreams of youth,  
 To hold before us, though the way be drear,  
 The high, clear light of their eternal beauty.  
 To fail to meet the standards of the world,  
 To be a dreamer, be denied success,  
 This is not failure; but to put aside  
 The spark divine which youth put in our hearts,  
 To sink, in hopelessness and dumb despair,  
 Into the petty littleness of life,  
 Scorning no longer what we once did scorn,

Hating no longer what we once did hate,  
 Striving no more for that which once seemed best —  
 This is the failure which we most do dread,  
 O, grant to us, we pray, the better part.

MARY CARNEY.



*THAT THERE GIRL*

(Excavated on a farm near Carlton by a company searching for a mastodon)

*Dramatis Personæ*

*Rip*: The sleepy boy who has fallen in love.

*Evelina*: The girl.

*Morton*: Friend to Rip and student of Stottany.

*Minarka*: Morton's friend.

*Arnold*: Sometimes called "Dearie."

*Evangelina*: The inspiration.

*Dutch*: Fashion plate.

*Runt*: The villain.

*Tub*: Friend to Runt.

*Act. I Scene in Runt's rooms*

(Enter Tub.)

*Runt*: Thou art welcome my friend. Come help me brood over my troubles, for I have many of them.

*Tub*: Why shouldst thou be melancholy? Art thou in love?

*Runt*: Could any one so small in years and stature as I am fall in love?

*Tub*: Hast thou not heard of Rip, and how Cupid hath led him astray?

*Runt*: This cannot be, for he is yet a beardless youth with shingled hair. How could he be in love?

(Footsteps outside.)

*Runt*: The followers of Cupid come. Let us hide and hear their gabble.  
(They enter wardrobe.)

(Enter Morton and Rip.)

*Morton*: Come Rip, be not so melancholy. She is thine if thou will but buy her candy and wear fine clothes.

*Rip*: That there Evelina is a fine girl. Hen! She is worth the candy.

*Morton*: Well I guess so! She's a real one.

*Rip*: (Patting himself on the chest.) When I get that there thirty dollar suit she will think that this here Rip is all right.

(Enter Dutch and Arnold.)

*Morton*: Come friends, help console Rip. He is melancholy and you have both felt the sting of Cupid's dart. Tell him to fear not.

*Arnold*: I'll tell thee, Rip, that Evangelina is the inspiration of my life. The sun rises and sets with that girl.

*Rip*: That there Evelina is the same to me.

*Dutch:* Rip, I'm in the same fix thou art. Canst thou lend me money to go to Aurora?

*Rip:* Here is thy money, but tell me about this here Evelina.

Act II. Scene in Evelina's home.

(Enter Rip.)

*Rip:* I want that there Evelina.

*Maid:* Sit down and I will tell Evelina that a boy has come. Hast thou shoestrings or buttons in thy box, little boy?

*Rip:* I want that there Evelina.

(Exit maid, Enter Evelina.)

*Evelina:* Good evening, Rip. Dost thou not know that thou shouldst always rise when a lady enters?

*Rip:* Here! Take this here box of candy that I fetched over.

*Evelina:* Oh! Thanks, Rip. Thou art not like the boy who called twice and never offered me candy.

*Rip:* That there candy is fine dope.

*Evelina:* Runt sent me a box of candy to-day, and I like him.

*Rip:* I don't like that there Runt very well.

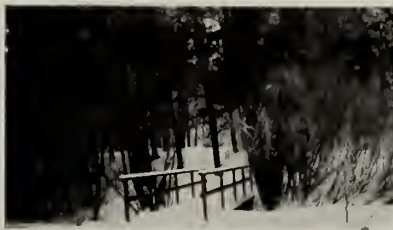
*Evelina:* He is a grown up man and has pretty hair.

*Rip:* That there Runt is a little scrub.

*Evelina.* Yes but thou art a beardless youth, and thy mother will care for thee for many years.

*Rip:* When I get that there new suit of clothes I will come over and show that I am a man.

*Evelina:* All right, Rip, but don't forget that I like candy.



*TO A LITTLE CHILD*

LITTLE child, if I were you,  
And my day, too, had just begun,  
If in the east I saw my sun,  
And on my path lay sparkling dew,  
I'd never mind the clouds of gray  
That might pass o'er my clear, blue sky;  
My heart should never grieve or sigh;  
I'd smile and sing the whole glad day.

O little child, if I were you,  
And these my early morning hours,  
If 'neath my feet there bloomed sweet flowers,

And all my way were bright to view,  
I'd never wander far away  
In search of paths that looked more fair,  
To seek for lovelier flowers there,  
And lose at home the blossoms gay.

Dear little child, seek not too soon  
The long, rough road which leads away  
From this fair spot where now you play,  
From morning lands to lands of noon.  
That naught but what is pure and true  
May cross this path that you must fare  
In life's glad morning, is my prayer,  
My soul's prayer, little child, for you.

NELLIE JACOBS.



THANKSGIVING PROGRAMS IN THE TRAINING SCHOOL

*MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING*

FEW lizards were running nimbly about the clefts of an old tree; they could understand one another very well, for they spoke the lizard language.

"What a buzzing and a rumbling there is on Normal Hill," said one of the lizards. "I have not been able to sleep on account of the noise. I might just as well have the toothache, for that always keeps me awake."

"My friend, the earthworm, has been wriggling about Normal Hill all day," said another, "and tho he cannot see, poor miserable creature, he knows well how to listen and has heard that they expect to have an election to find out which is the most popular theme subject."

"Let's go to the election," said the first, "if you haven't anything on for tonight."

"Yes, let's," said the others.

So they went. What a large company it was! The Gargoyles and the Swipers were having a discussion. One of the Gargoyles said, "As if we didn't see every Swiper go by! And we know their names, too."

The Senior Circus made so much noise that the Illustrative Baby began to cry, but Miss Foster's Dope came to the rescue and the Patriots joined in with the Treble Clef to hush the Baby to sleep. The Animals in the Zoo howled when they heard the singing and the Baby woke up and threshed about. As the Freshman passed by the Satyrs grinned and told each other it seemed good to get a glimpse of the verdure to which they had been accustomed before they were brought to Normal Hill as Theme Subjects. The class - book sang, "You'll be sorry by and by," to the Bluffer, but the Bluffer did not care; he went to the Gym and practiced Basket Ball. The School Colors argued a long time as to which was the most popular until the Yellow and white became Cardinal and Black with rage. The Club Houses were such a jolly set and made so much racket that the Faculty shook their heads and wondered if they had better deliver a series of lectures on the fine art of being quiet. The Juniors Nature Study Club came in with muddy feet and Mr. Shoop immediately wiped up the tracks.

The meeting was called to order and Dr. Cook sang, "I Know a Bank," while the Choir sang the refrain. All the Students sat up and took notice and wondered where that bank was, for each was in need of a little extra change. Bonaparte got up to make the first speech and his bones rattled so that he made all the Training School children laugh, and the Student Teachers had much



ado to keep them quiet. With more rattling of bones, Bonaparte took his seat amidst a roar of applause, coming as usual from the Training School children.

Normal, king of Theme Subjects, now came forward and announced that the nominations for the most popular subject were now in order.

A whispering — then a silence, followed by a nomination for Junior Night from the Juniors. The Normal Boys nominated the Freshman Seat, the Ellwoods and Gliddens, in the same breath, nominated Perseus. The Campus, thinking of the many times the Light in the Corner Tower had prevented Society goers from spoiling her good looks and trampling down her flowers, nominated him, but he, being in love with the Rill on the Campus, nominated the Rill. The nominations were then closed and the subjects voted, by ballot, Old Normal, the Ideal Teacher and the Pitch Pipe acting as tellers. When the returns of the election were reported, it was found that the Freshman Seat was the most popular. Then they drank toasts to the Freshman Seat until Mr. Hatch's Chicken's began to crow.

After they had gone, the lizards played and ran about their tree, talking over the subjects.

"Oh, how the Training School children pleased me," said one.

"The Normal Boys pleased me better," said the old earthworm. But then, the poor miserable creature could not see.

LOLA SOKOLOUK.

### THE SYCAMORE GIRL

A rush thru the cloakroom, a dive down the hall!  
 With an echoing clatter the noisy steps fall,  
 And a figure comes racing, that calls from afar,  
 As on she comes chasing, "O girls, hold the car!"  
 Now, ye wandering students, keep out of the way!  
 In the sheltering class room 'tis safest to stay,  
 As all hatless, all coatless, a maddening whirl,  
 Thru the entrance she whizzes, the Sycamore girl.

O, who is this guest at our club-house to-night,  
 Whose features are marred by a wild, hunted light?  
 See there, how she startles as if from a shock,  
 And now her eyes wander again toward the clock.  
 She's the girl who leaves early, and always comes late.  
 Her life is a hurry and then a long wait.

Full busy her days are, and restless her dreams,  
For all thru her slumbers a car whistle screams.

Why lingers the janitor down by the door?  
Since the students arrived, 'tis an hour or more.  
Ah, he looks for the tardy ones, still on their way,  
Whose feet are polluted by Sycamore's clay.  
Now the President sighs, as he signs, one by one,  
The excuses which tell of a car that won't run.  
How great is the patience that won't say aloud,  
"They're terrible nuisance, that Sycamore crowd!"

INGA ARNTZEN



*AN EVENING'S FANCY*

NCE across the Campus strolling in the evening's  
dying gleam,  
As it painted hill and meadow like some artist's  
splendid dream,  
While the breeze's whisper faded from the tree-tops  
overhead,  
And the brooklet softly rippled o'er the pebbles in  
its bed,—

I glanced off toward the Normal, standing huge and  
dim and dark,  
Like an ancient English castle in some old time English park,  
Half expecting for a moment, in my wandering fancy there,  
To see some old Crusader climbing up the tower stair,

Or some warlike archer peering from the loop-holed window high,  
Keeping watch around the castle that no foeman should come nigh.  
For the fancy took me backward some four hundred years and more,  
Till the twilight glow had faded, and the vision fair was o'er.

Day by day I've seen those towers since that evening long ago;  
Seen them dark and drear and somber when the threatening clouds hung low;  
Seen them stern and cold and ice-clad in the winter's frigid air,  
Or on misty mornings standing as some dream-like palace there.

But forever when the memory calls the picture to my eyes,  
I see it as it seemed that eve against the sunset skies,  
With each battlement and tower clearly cut against the light,  
And above the first stars twinkling in the early summer night.

HOMER HALL.

*THE BONNIE LASS AND THE REFERENCE BOOK*

O, hae ye heard of the gracious queen,  
Of the Normal librarie?  
For she the ancient books amang  
Doth rule right merrily.

And she hath made hersel' a law,  
Which all the school does ken,  
"The reference books ye tae at eve,  
By morn bring back again."

Alang an' came a bonnie lass  
To the Normal librarie.  
"O gie, O gie me yon reference book  
For to tae it hame wi' me."

The gracious queen hath ta'en the book  
Adown frae-off the rack:  
"To-morrow morn by the hour of eight,  
'Tis thou maun bring it back."

The maid has ta'en the reference book  
Her lily hand into.  
And frae the librarie has gone,  
Her study for to do.

She hadna' gone a step, a step,  
A step but barely three  
When the students unto the queen did come,  
"O, gie that book to me."

O, laith, laith were the good students  
Wi'out the book to gae,  
For of that ane lost reference  
'Twas mickle need had they.

And mony a heart that night was sair,  
And mony the sleepless e'e

For did they nae the reference read,  
'Twas sad their fate wad be.

Then up and crew the red, red cock,  
Wha' tells the night is o'er,  
And hundred students then did crowd  
Around the Normal door.

Then came and spake the gracious queen,  
"Why blinds the tear your e'e?  
Why come ye here ere break of day  
To the Normal librarie?"

"We hae come to read the reference book  
Which now returned should be,  
For if we do not get it read,  
'Tis we maun surely dee."

O lang, lang did the students sit,  
And tear their gowden hair,  
For to the shelf that referencé book,  
It did come back nae mair.

And then did come the bonnie lass  
Wha' all the book did ken,  
But she frae out its learned page  
S'all never read again.

The gracious queen did rise in ire,  
And flashed her dark brown e'e,  
And to the bonnie Normal lass  
Full tall she seemed to be.

The bonnie maid grew cauld and pale,  
And staring was her e'e,  
And frae the deed that she had done,  
Lang miles she longed to flee.

And now 'tis never a book she takes  
From the school by the Kishwaukee,  
Which tells the tale that reference books  
Maun ne'er forgotten be.





IN THE PLANT HOUSE



V. FIELD.







JAMES IVAN FREDERICK



## In Memoriam

In the month of March, 1907, a number of friends from the Normal and its Alumni gathered in the city of Belvidere to bid their last farewell to the earthly remains of Paul O. Lucas, or "Paulie," as he was known to the most of us. Among these friends was James Ivan Frederick, and in less than a year, February 10, 1908, this circle was lessened by "Jim's" death. To me it is almost impossible to think of "Jim" without calling up memories of "Paulie" as well. Their purposes and sympathies were so interwoven that mention of the one invariably induces thoughts of the other.

To the people most intimately acquainted with "Jim," it seems almost futile to attempt to express by means of words a memorial worthy of our friend. But if the veil had been lifted which hung between this truest of souls and the world, there would have been revealed a man who had conquered his own spirit, and who by the mastery of his own will had wrought from the conditions in which he found himself a pure, sweet and noble life. You could not associate with him without feeling that here you had found a brother in sympathy with you, the largeness of whose generosity, charity and strength you could not comprehend. The trait in his character which amounted almost to a passion with him was his sense of justice. His utmost capacity for work was always exerted to right a wrong, especially if the wrong were inflicted upon some one else. His ability to come into intimate relations with nature made it possible for him to pity, sympathize with and help those in trouble, and gave to him that universality of soul which enabled him to feel with such intensity the wrongs of others. For these noble and manly characteristics, "Jim" was loved and esteemed by schoolmates, teachers and pupils. He was a man in the highest and truest sense of the word, and our strength in this loss is derived from our belief with the singer, that—

"Nay, but 'tis not the end;  
God were not God, if such a thing could be;  
If not in time, then in eternity  
There must be room for penitence to mend  
Life's broken chance, else noise of wars  
Would unmake heaven."

VICTOR C. KAYS, '02.

### THE NORTHER



THE NORTHER"—the name is a magic one to the Normal student. To the Freshman it brings to mind many stolen hours in a quiet corner of the library reading of the mighty deeds of those who now call themselves Alumni. Or perchance in times of utter dearth of subjects for his weekly theme he seeks in its forgotten lore for some kind power to move his impotent pen to write. A Junior's interest in "The Norther" is embittered because tradition says the Junior writes it, yet he has no glory. Although he declares he is somewhat imposed upon, yet like the jolly good fellow he is, he takes his pen and does the Seniors' bidding. And more than this, he buys the product of his pen, wherefore it has gone down in the annals of the school that the Junior is greatly to be praised. The Senior sees in this name a wilderness of sleepless nights, dreams of failure, hopes of success with many pretexts to slight his lessons. But though the giant tasks of publishing an Annual drives him into wastes and solitudes, anon the wilderness becomes a field of flowers where blooms a new sense of loyalty and devotion to his Alma Mater. Perhaps it is to him who has gone out to join the Alumni that the word "Norther" has the deepest meaning. To him it is an Aladdin's lamp which has a strange power to bring back the grey towers with myriads of gracious memories. To him it is a mystic spring from which old hopes and longings come back to "renew his faith in the nobility of his calling," and to keep alive the visions of affection and service awakened in the days that are gone. Thus it has come to pass that each year, fancy, with lavish hand, gleans from out the busy days and builds for each Senior class this golden Book of Hours, "The Norther."

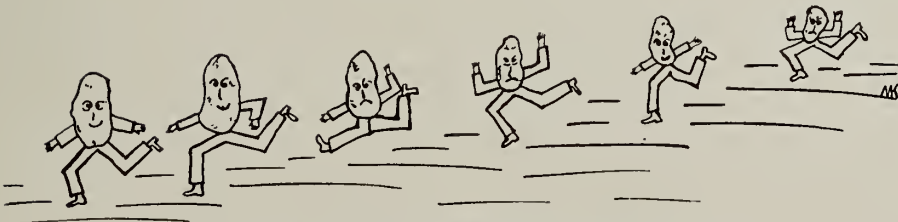
ALICE M. SWARTHOUT.

THE FEAST OF THE ALUMNI

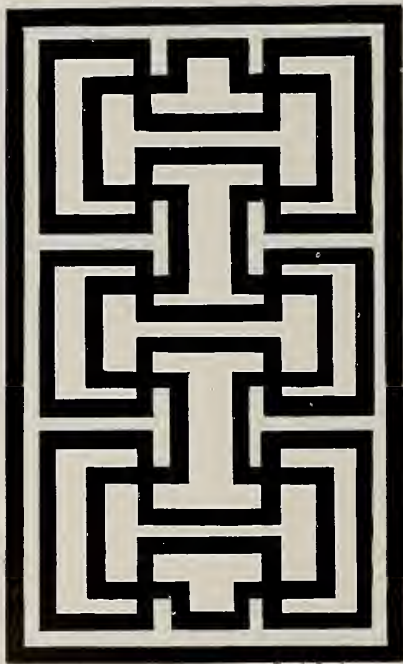
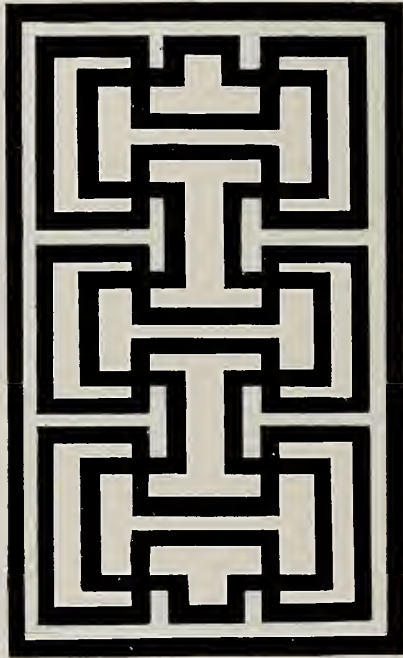
Harken, good reader, if you would hear  
Of the mighty feast in the fall of the year:  
The guests were Alumni, not one who was there  
And had share in the jokes and the bountiful fare,  
But remembers that evening's wit and cheer.

From far and near we gathered us all  
At half after six, in the bright-lighted hall.  
With greetings and handshakes, the moments sped by  
Till the slow ticking clock caught the hungry guests' eye.  
After seven o'clock, and no summons to dine!  
Yet, surely the feast would be ready — in time;  
So down the long halls we continued to stroll,  
Or examined with interest Clio's blank scroll.  
At length a flushed messenger came on a run  
And we caught her hoarse whisper, "Potatoes aren't done!"  
But despite this disaster the guests were now led  
Up the stairs to the hall where the banquet was spread.  
You've heard the rest; how our toastmaster great  
In stage whispers revealed our potato-less state.  
How with laughter we greeted each story and jest,  
And proclaimed every toast that was given the best.  
Though that evening sweet, with its memories, is past,  
The call of "Come back" holds us true to the last.  
To every Alumnus, success and good cheer,  
Till we gather again in the fall of next year.

ETHEL WORTHINGTON.



WE WERE TOO SLOW FOR THE BANQUET.

*Pearl Bowler*

Dear Mother School, across the time and space that lie between our parting and to-day, your children send you greeting and their love.

Upon Commencement morning we looked back at many happy hours lived in your halls and with your birds and trees. And we looked forward also toward the future as a land of promise — a land you sent us to possess, to conquer with the knowledge you had given and to make better with the spirit of your teaching.

Some of the roseate hue that lay upon that land has vanished, but in its stead there shines a clearer light upon the meaning of our work, the teacher's mission in the world. Ours is the joy of those who know the thing they do is worthy of their noblest effort. And, though we may sometimes grow weary, it is worth much weariness to feel, when night has brought the work-day to its close, that we have helped a pair of younger feet to take the upward path or gained a step ourselves. We have not always done the best, and it is then we turn most longingly toward you and take fresh inspiration from the ideals you have set like lights to travel toward.

Distance and time cannot divide us while our purposes are one, and we shall love you better as the days move on. We shall come back with joy, as we have done before, assured a welcome waits for us in every well remembered spot. And, as the passing years spread over your gray towers the mellow tint time gives, and as the ivy reaches higher still to clothe them in its summer green, may that same spirit that has made you what you are to us and to the world become a stronger, a diviner presence, and may God keep us always true to you and to ourselves, dear Mother School.

JESSIE R. MANN.





Alumni girls in the  
gym,  
Feeling as of yore,  
Hopes high, young  
again,  
Want to play some  
more.  
Borrowed suits, hair  
in braids,—  
They once were  
folks of fame—  
Now they've just  
come back again  
To have a little  
game.

Breathless, lumps in  
throat,  
Joints rather sore,  
Arnica, tired girls,  
Alumni team no  
score.  
Game over, big joke—  
Because it was so  
tame  
When they just came  
back again  
To have a little  
game.

Maud Mallin, '07  
Olive Swift, '06  
Winnifred Mallin, '03  
Nellie James Schell, '05  
Vinnie Overholser, '06



# Alumni Jester

Vol. II Published annually by the "Has Beens" of the Northern Illinois State Normal School No. 1

ETHEL WORTHINGTON, *Editor in Chief*

CARRIE B. EDMONDSON, *Assistant Editor*



*The Triumphant Return—The Alumnus visits her Alma Mater.*

## EDITORIAL

Humility is extolled by poets and philosophers as one of the chief virtues. To be puffed up with self-importance is the sign of a shallow brain. But a just recognition of merited success is no evidence of conceit. It is such a recognition that we have in mind upon this, the first anniversary of the now world-famous paper, "The Alumni Jester."

But a brief year ago the first edition of the Jester appeared. That the public knows a good thing when it sees it has been well proven by the reception accorded the paper. Tens of thousands of copies were disposed of as fast as they came from the press, and hundreds of letters—a few of which we publish in this year's edition—attest the glowing satisfaction of our subscribers. No pains have been spared to make the edition of '08 equal in spiciness, conciseness and freedom of fancy to last year's edition. Our reporters, men who rival in imagination even the Chicago American's staff, have been at work not only in the several states of the Union, but even in the islands of the sea. We trust our intelligent readers, notably the

Alumni of N. I. S. N. S. will be able to accord it the enthusiastic praise which we have endeavored to merit.

## ROMANTIC ELOPEMENT SCHOOL FRIENDSHIPS END IN MATRIMONY

Mr. Frank Harmon Schell of Durand succeeded in startling Freeport society yesterday. He paid the dollar at the county clerk's and then went to the I. C. station to meet the 3:15 p. m. train. She came. The cabman was given extra pay to get them to the minister's before the four o'clock Interurban car from Freeport reached town. Mr. Schell asked for the shortest ceremony, regardless of price, and even while he was making the bargain with the minister, he was reaching for her hand. Rev. Bannen saw the point and with all speed pronounced the words which united Mr. Harmon Schell and Miss Nellie James in the holy bonds of matrimony.

They leave this morning for Chicago.

—*Rockford Morning Star.*

# Alumni Jester

## WEDDING BELLS

Bride a Former Student of DeKalb Normal

Valley City, North Dakota.—On April 1st, the pleasant home of Mrs. Pavendorf was the scene of one of the most brilliant social events of the season. In a room which had been transformed into a bower of blossoms, beneath a huge wedding bell of red and white roses, which was suspended from the arched doorway by a broad satin ribbon, Miss Jennie Schnebly and Mr. Nemo Noman were made one.

Promptly at noon the beautiful strains of the Lohengrin Wedding March, evoked from the cabinet organ by the fair fingers of Miss Pavendorf, niece of the bride, heralded the approach of the bridal party. First came the bridesmaids, gowned in gauzy red, and carrying baskets of yellow jonquils. They were followed by the maid of honor, who wore pink, and carried a bouquet of crocuses from the snowy hills of North Dakota, and the groomsmen. The bridal couple entered arm in arm. The bride was gowned in white satin so stiff that it would stand alone, and carried a shower bouquet of peonies. Her only ornament was a magnificent diamond sunburst, the gift of the groom. She wore gloves. The groom was attired in the conventional black sack. The Reverend Perkins read the impressive service which made them man and wife.

After a brief honeymoon trip, which will include a visit to De Kalb Normal, the scene of the bride's school days, the happy couple will take up their residence in Kokomo, Indian Territory.

## NOT YET, BUT SOON

In the next edition of the Jester we expect to be able to chronicle the following marriages.

John Reichardt, '05, to ———.

Donald Kays, '06, to ———.

Mac Rosenkranz, '06, to ———.

L. Day Perry, '06, to ———.

Hannah Wichman, '06, to ———.

Edna Bragg, '06, to ———.

Edith Harvey, '05, to ———.

Maud Mallin, '07, to ———.

Leonora Dowdall to ———.

It is a lack of space rather than interest, that forces us to report the following marriages in so brief a manner.

Mary Isabelle Gogin, '01, to Mr. William Edward McCormick, on Jan. 1st, '08.

Elizabeth H. Mitchell, '00, to Mr. Samuel N. Rinde, at Chandler, Oklahoma, on Christmas Day, 1907.

Helen MacMillan, '01, to Dr. Walter H. Allyn, on Aug. 1st, '07.

Nellie James, '05, to Harmon Schell, '06, on Aug. 14th, '07.

Irene Etling, '03, to Mr. Dennison, on June 25th, '07.

Irene Phalen, '01, to J. J. Cooney.

Julia Bell Lewis, '05, to Mr. William G. Fraser, on Aug. 15th, '07.

Miss Florence Zoller to Mr. James E. Duncan, on Oct. 13th, 1907.

Miss Edith M. Carolus, '04, to Mr. John G. Dieterle, on Aug. 21st, 1907.

Miss Vera Zeller, '05, to Mr. W. H. Parker.

Miss Grace Byers, '06, to Mr. F. S. Hadfield.

## NORMAL DEVELOPS SCIENTIFIC BENT

Courses Followed by Former De Kalbites Now at the U. of I. Prove This

FLORENCE TANNER, '06, Junior.

Course, Household Science.

W. E. FINKENBINDER, '06, Junior.

Course, General Science: Specializing in Zoology.

ALVIN FARR, '05, Junior.

Specializing in Political Science.

J. E. ACKERT '03, Junior.

Course, General Science: Specializing in Zoology.

GRACE J. BAIRD, A. B., N. I. S. N. S., '03, U. of I., '06, head of Biology Department at Mattoon, Ill., High School.

## FORMER ROCKFORDITE DISAPPEARS

Mr. John Reichardt, formerly superintendent of the North Rockford schools, and for a time manager of Butler Bros.' mail order house, in Chicago, has mysteriously disappeared. He was last seen near Harvey, Illinois. (Chicago papers please copy.)

—Rockford Daily Republic.

# Alumni Jester

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## WHAT OUR SUBSCRIBERS SAY

Idaho Falls, Jan. 3, 1908.—Your Jester is my constant companion here in the far west. Enclosed find \$1 in payment for this year's subscription. I find it invaluable in instructing my Mormon pupils in the ways of the civilized world. It has helped me to lead the child mind gently to the realization that Dr. Cook, as well as Brigham Young, is one of our great men.

You may be glad to hear that horseback riding is greatly improving my health. I have gained twenty pounds since September, and am no longer the frail girl that I was when at Normal.

Yours, in the spirit of "stand by."

ANNA HEINE.

Capron, Ill., May 15.—Enclose a check for \$1 for the Alumni Jester. It is worth \$1.25. I want to say that it is due to the quick service of your alumni matrimonial agency that I have been able to establish my present happy home.

Yours respectfully

ROY SKILES.

Durand, Ill., May 20, 1908.—The label on my paper reminds me that it is time to pay up, so I shall inclose \$1 and renew my subscription to the Jester. My wife and I find that our long winter evenings are greatly enlivened by the perusal of its pages.

Yours fraternally,

HARMON T. SCHELL.

Fruita, Colo., June 9, 1908.—Please find enclosed \$1 for the renewal of my subscription for the Jester, which is a very welcome visitor in our family. Our daughter, a remarkable child of four months, prefers your edition of last year to any other reading matter which we have placed within her reach. We feel that this indicates a pedagogical tendency which should be encouraged. Therefore we are planning to send her to Normal School, and have already engaged her room and board at the Tudor Club for the fall of 1926.

Happily yours,

EZRA CALLOWAY.

Hagonoy, Bulacan, Philippines, March 2, 1908.

This morning's mail brought to us the Alumni Jester, your esteemed paper. I shall use it as

the basis for a series of talks in our general exercises here, and am planning to discuss with some other leading educators the advisability of editing a Jester here in the Philippines.

I have already developed a basket ball team whose strength and skill can readily overcome that of the famous N. I. S. N. S. Faultless Faculty on our own home floor.

Your admirer,

GREGORIO RAMEREZ.

Prof. Don Kays, instructor in the Rockford High School, Sundayed in Oak Park last week.

Maud Mallin, one of the primary instructors in Evanston, has much enjoyed spending her Saturdays and Sundays at her home in Oak Park.

Miss Bess Hale bought a twenty-five ride ticket to De Kalb last September, '07. Only three rides left by April, '08.

Miss Sarah Vial recently gave a luncheon for her friend Mrs. Gobb, nee Reed. Covers were laid for all the De Kalbites within reach by phone.

The friends of Miss Hazel Vander Veer will be glad to hear that she now has far more leisure time than she had when at Normal. She now walks to school instead of running, and finds leisure for studying Browning at least once in two weeks.

On Feb. 14, the elite of Chicago Heights society were delightfully entertained by the Misses Kitson and Dobbin. By means of a scheme similar to pinning the tail on the donkey the young ladies were able to learn their fate. All were made happy but Miss Troxell, who was so broken-hearted over her failure to escape from spinsterhood that it was agreed to let her try again.

## ELSIE WHEATON TO SEEK FORTUNE IN FAR WEST.

Miss Elsie Wheaton has resigned her position as principal of the Mazon Schools and is leaving to-day for the West, where she is planning to take up some new line of work.

For some time she has been in correspondence with a prominent grocer in one of the county seat towns in Texas.

— *The Saunemin Register-Gazette.*



# Alumni Jester

## SPORTING NEWS

### Alumni Team Victorious

One of the most sensational games of the season was played October 12th on the Normal field, Alumni vs. Normal.

From start to finish the fight was a fierce one. Only one touchdown was made by the Alumni team, but this was due to the remoteness of the goal rather than to a lack of scientific playing on the part of the team.

Go to Pieces in Last Half, Giving Rivals the Game.

January 18th was the date on which the annual basket ball games between the Normal and Alumni teams were played. The Alumni girls made a valiant struggle but lost their nerve in the last half and were defeated.

The game between the boys' teams was one of the most exciting games of the season. The breaking of an electric light globe by Don's man, Thomas, was one of the thrilling events of the game. At the end of the second half the score stood 31 to 21 in favor of Normal. We are confident, however, that this was an error on the part of the score-keeper and that the score should be reversed, to be correct.

### No Picture of Boys' Team

Owing to the pressing engagements which the members of the Alumni boys' team had with prominent educational men of the country on the morning after the game, we were unable to obtain their pictures.

### Kays' Team Famous: Wins Championship of Northern Illinois

The Rockford High School basket-ball team, under the direction of the famous coach Don Kays, has proven itself too many for the other high school teams of Northern Illinois, and has won the championship of that part of the state.

### Still in the Field.

Mr. Truax's basket-ball team has done good work this season.

### Loyal Alumnus Organizes a Girls' Basket-ball Team in Durand.

Mrs. Nellie James Schell has organized a girls' basket-ball team in Durand. Owing to her herculean efforts the work of the team during this season has been all that could be desired.

### Cornell Has Swift Team.

The Sugar Grove basket-ball team defeated the Normal boys at Sugar Grove. Later the Sugar Grovers came to De Kalb and the Normalites showed them a thing or two.

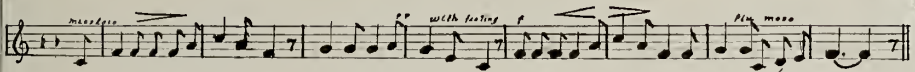
### HAUSEN MAKES GOOD.

Mr. Henry Hausen, graduate of the DeKalb Normal School, and for two years connected with the Coal City Schools, has been elected to the chair of "Dispenser of Information" at the Henry Freeman School on the South Side.—*Chicago Daily News.*

## LATEST MUSICAL HIT!

### SUCCESS — OF — THE — SEASON!

TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO.



|                                       |                                   |  |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|--|
| On Monday morning we go to school,    | Go to school, we go to school,    | On Monday morning we go to school, And teach till four o'clock.    |
| On Tuesday morning we go to school,   | Go to school, we go to school,    | On Tuesday morning we go to school, And teach till four o'clock.   |
| On Wednesday morning we go to school, | Go to school, we go to school,    | On Wednesday morning we go to school, And teach till four o'clock. |
| On Thursday morning we go to school,  | Go to school, we go to school,    | On Thursday morning we go to school, And teach till four o'clock.  |
| On Friday morning we go to school,    | Go to school, we go to school,    | On Friday morning we go to school, And teach till four o'clock.    |
| On Saturday morning at six o'clock,   | At six o'clock, yes, six o'clock, | On Saturday morning at six o'clock, We're off to dear Chicago.     |
| By Sunday night we're back again,     | Back again, O back again,         | By Sunday night we're back again, To sadly wait till Monday.       |

**N.B.** This [Repeated thirty-ninetimes] gives a touching and complete picture of a teacher's life at the Normal "Annex".

**SPECIAL RATES TO INMATES OF THE "ANNEX"**

FOR SALE AT ALL MUSIC STORES—PRICE 50¢.

To the N. I. S. N. S., DeKalb, Ill., U. S. A.

- TEACHERS AND FRIENDS:

It is with deep sincerity that I am sending you this bit of message — greetings from one who, a year ago, used to abide around that beautiful mansion, the home of the “veritas.” In this message it is my wish to tell you that, although I am so far away on a distant shore, in my memory there still lives an affection which will always remind me of the good will of you all. As a consequence of this I have come to the opinion that there must be an ideal tie to bind all the sons, daughters, and Faculty of the DeKalb Normal together. I had partly realized this fact before, but as I go deeper and deeper in my work, I have become more fully convinced as to its existence. Of course, I live in a far, strange land and belong to an entirely different race, but I am proud to be united with you in the aspiration to high ideals, the betterment of the world, and I am also proud to be called one of the sons of the institution. I need not mention why I am so proud, for it goes without saying that every one who has been and who now is in the school knows the things of which he must be proud. I hope that my classmates of '07, at least, have not forgotten these things.

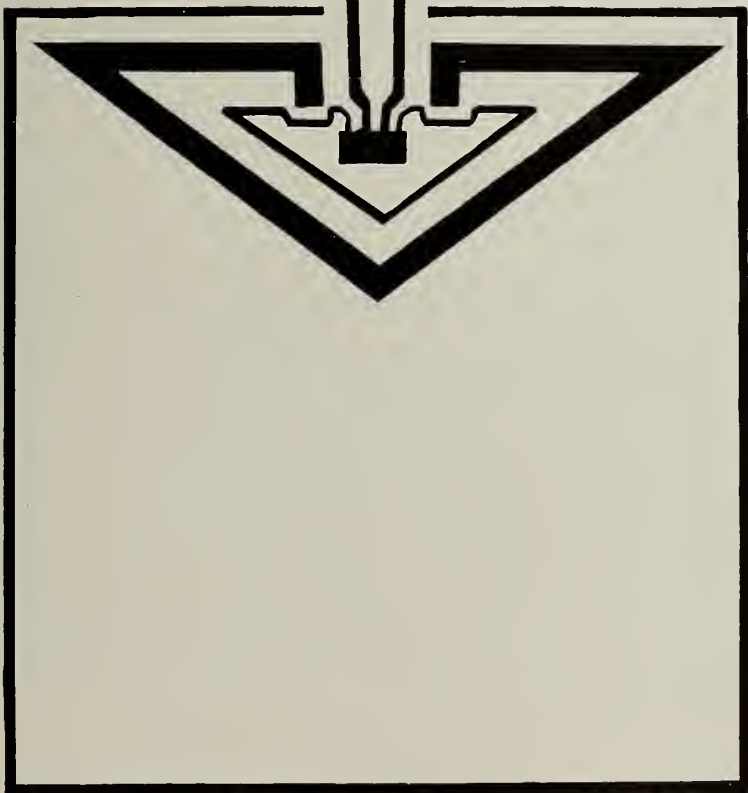
Speaking of myself alone, I feel that I am very much indebted to the De Kalb Normal for everything which I can do for my country. The task is begun, and whatever I can accomplish now and in the future will not be credited to me alone, but to my Alma Mater also. With sincere regards to all, I am your true friend,

MARIANO B. CARBONELL,

San Fernando, Union, Philippine Islands.

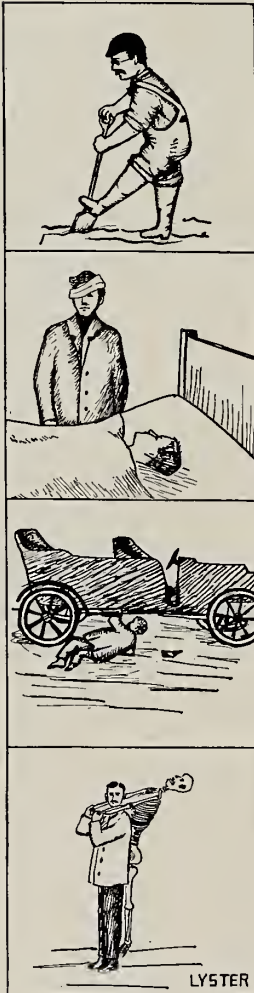


# CALENDAR



M. STOLLER.

# SEPTEMBER



7. Seniors return to teach.
8. Seniors go to church and become acquainted again.
9. Busy day for the stewards. Petunias a joy.
10. Students invest two dollars in the yellow slips.
11. General Ex. seats assigned. "Will I ever find that seat again?"
12. An important Senior meeting announced.
13. Juniors decide that they must have officers.
15. Mr. Charles digresses from his regular Sabbath routine of life and begins digging for a mastodon.
16. Mr. Charles forsakes the laboratory and Dr. Cook the office in the interest of science. The auto goes to the digging while the world waits.
17. It is really a mastodon. Dr. Cook said so.
18. Excited girls run along the halls to the Glidden meeting for the promised present.
19. Miss Tennant hears of her brother's marriage. "I know Tommy isn't married, though."
20. Woodburn's football tragedy.
21. Opens his eyes and says, "Where am I?"
22. "It seems as though I had never been home."
23. Mr. Page has a new auto. Listen to the bell ring. Begins practicing. A scared look. Auto goes slowly.
24. Mrs. McMurry gets the first ride. Auto goes faster. Takes it seriously.
25. Are you an Ellwood, or Glidden?
26. Juniors have a meeting for the election of officers.
27. Givens begins his long naps.
28. Holley begins to sit up and take notice. No longer lonesome.
30. Mr. Hatch's first school. Skating on soap.



1. Miss Parmelee's turn in the auto. They are stranded and walk home.
2. Junior deadlock continues.
3. A little competition for senior presidency. Competition the life of trade.
6. Walthers buys a box of gum and spends Sunday in Aurora.
7. Mr. Hatch's slippers with the beautiful red roses.
9. Mr. Charles a poet, an orator, and an auctioneer.
10. Miss Parmelee takes second ride in auto; better results.
12. Alumni back, football game — score forgotten. Great banquet. Juniors wait on stairways for hours for a chance to drink frappe with their dignified elders.
14. Dr. Cook assists Mr. Charles in his trapping experiment. Imitation of Ex-President Cleveland.
15. Invitations out for faculty reception.
18. For the first time in history a brave and courageous youth hath appeared at the faculty reception with a long tailed coat adorning his personage.
19. Game with Sandwich called off, Sandwich having heard of the score at Rockford.
20. Great rejoicing at the Kilmer Club; eight boys at supper, E-I-G-H-T.
21. Football boys read how Old Normal trimmed Knox, and turn pale.
22. Winter is coming; we have a few Chili visitors.
23. Givens wakes up and finds that he is three weeks behind in biology.
25. Football — Kellogg tells the girls in the gym about the boys' fakes and tandems. Old Normal boys arrive. Party at the Kilmer Club.
26. Great game. Score 16-0. The rah-rah crowd were all out.
27. Sunday again. Seniors wail, "Oh, why didn't I write that school man *each week*."
28. Whitten's balloon goes up in Gen. Ex.
29. Dutch buys another gross of gum.
30. He chews.



# NOVEMBER



L.M. FULTON

1. Something doing in the addition. Miss Milner moves.
2. Football team goes to Elgin. Fink and Holley miss the car in Geneva while they gaze at the court-house. Plank gets a shave, and the team gets defeated.
3. Boys return from Elgin and miss the train in Geneva. At the hotel the Coleoptra give them a hearty welcome.
4. Seniors are really going to have an Annual. Editors are elected.
6. Miss Foster explains the Senior invitations to the Juniors and Freshmen, and then explains some more.
8. Great party; all sorts of dolls and teddy bears. Faculty make a hit and children have a good time.
9. Football game with St. Charles. Score 59-0. At last we have won. Shorty wasn't present.
10. Clock in library stops. Miss Milner and Mr. Shoop have an excited talk about it.
15. Senior — Junior girls' basket ball game; grand rough-house. Football team leaves for Plattville. Travels eight blocks, eats supper in eight minutes, and catches the train at eight o'clock.
16. Game at Plattville. Plank busy all the time, finds a happy home.
18. Mrs. McMurry tells us of the two thanksgivings. One will suit us, but let it be soon.
21. Kilmer girls' blow out in the country announced.
22. They blow.
23. Givens and the little un take a walk.
24. Clubs deserted; students pick at a wing at home.



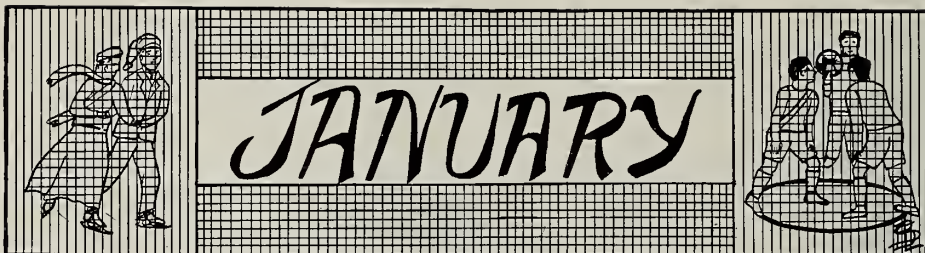
# DECEMBER

2. Dr. Cook tells us of his childhood. "Johnny, if you won't cry I'll give you this little fish."
4. Assignment of teaching for Seniors. Crowd around the bulletin board with sad and happy faces.
6. Party at the Dadds house. Normal boys receive excellent training for future emergencies. Sousa's Orchestra outclassed.
8. Junior deadlock broken. Miss Moorhead president.
10. Farmers, *farmers*, FARMERS. Students gather about the gym door to get the odor of coffee.
11. More farmers. Reynolds Dale has the measles.
12. Remnants of the farmers' institute remain with us. Who will claim the mysterious linen duster?
13. Perhaps Miss Parmelee is training for football; she falls down stairs. Y. W. C. A. girls have Christmas supper.
15. Cholly Holley goes to Chicago to see his publishers.
16. Junior meeting; only Mr. Bautista present. An enthusiastic class, those Juniors.  
We are really going to have a contest. Committee chosen.
17. Seniors visit their next term's room. "Oh, the children are just awful."
18. "I just can't think of a thing for my thesis. I'll wait till I get home and then I'll do it." Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow.  
Students cram for exam. "I know I'll flunk in physics or teaching."
20. Going home.
22. Gone.

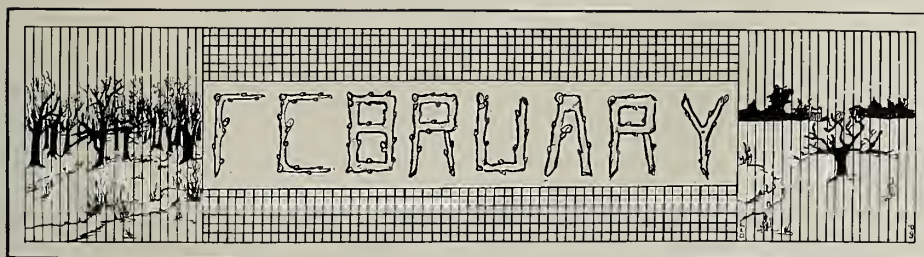


CLARENCE LAM





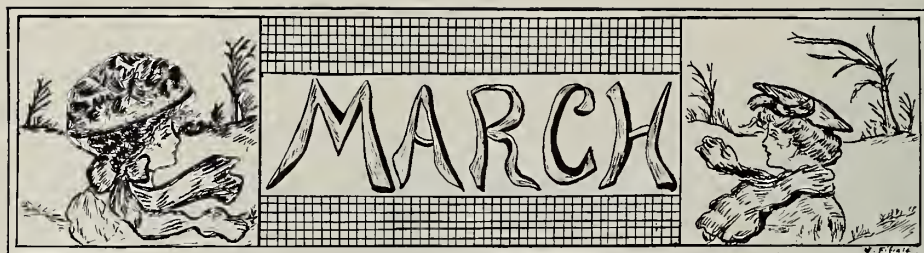
1. Christmas is over and Miss Fay discards her Holley.
2. Miss Weller has to be sent for.
3. Seniors have meeting concerning class pins.
5. Dr. Biglow addresses the children of training school on nature study in New York City.
6. Another Senior meeting.
7. Madden confesses in Algebra class that he weighs one hundred sixty-five pounds.
8. We may comb our hair at school by the electric lights.
9. Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Page do the Alphonse-Gaston act before Mr. Page decides that he will take charge of Gen. Ex.
10. Alumni visit us. Dutch offers Miss Schnebly a stick of gum. "My son! My son! And you're to be a teacher?"
11. Shorty from Sugar Grove treads the Gym. floor.
12. Senior class pins chosen.
13. Dr. Cook tells us again of the cold baths he received in his childhood during the cholera time.
14. Marx says Beman and Smith's Algebra could be improved.
15. The Gliddens are doing something. What is that "Honk, Honk" song?
16. Things doing in the Ellwood Society also.
17. Holley sells term tickets among his girls.
18. At last the Senior class pins have arrived.
21. Dodd Weaver discards his stripes and becomes a man.
22. Contest committee have a meeting.
23. "Don't let your spirits become depressed or your faces get long."
24. We hear of a great man who was not "an old pupil of mine."
26. Student teachers proudly wear the eighth grade colors.



2. Contest committee have another meeting. "Yes, we'll get the reading all right, but we'll give you the oration."
5. "I don't recall the Portuguese poet's name."
6. Mr. Page stars and knows the poet's name.
7. Posters out for the world's greatest show. Little Charles Junior enters our school.
8. The giraffe's neck is completed, and the elephant's ear is growing. The vaudeville actors get pointers from the Haish in the evening.
10. Mr. Whitten: "Study astronomy, girls, and get your man in the moon."
11. New gardener, Mr. Balthis, Junior.
12. Miss Vial says, "Sam is coming."
14. "Oh, tramp right through the water,  
Wade right through the snow,  
Come along on Saturday night,  
And see the Senior show."
15. The one and only performance of the greatest show on earth.  
They came; they saw; they spent.
16. No church for the Seniors; the Gym must be cleaned.
17. Snow Bound.
18. "Boys, a path!"
19. Sam came.
20. Contest committee meets. Holley orders five hundred picture posters of the contestants.
22. Fourteen brave boys march on the stage, and then march down again.
26. Who owns that mouse? Not the girls.
27. Invitations for the colonial play out.
29. MISS WELLER } GENTLEMEN TAILORS AND  
MISS BERRY } WIG MAKERS.

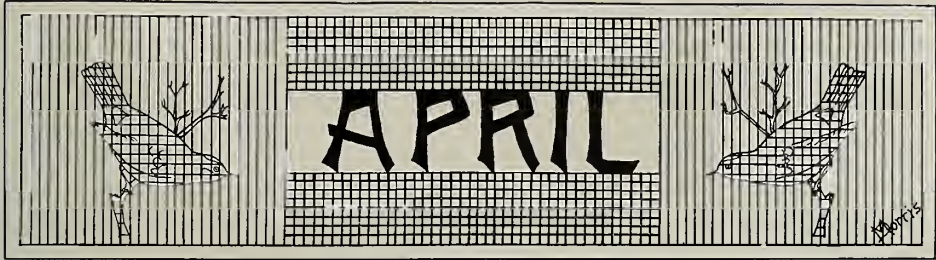


L. Dwyer

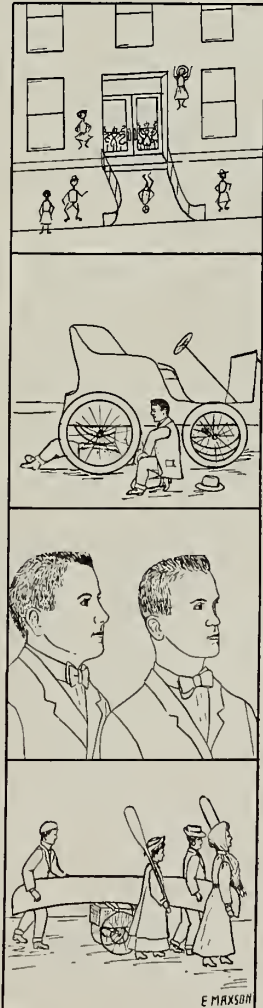


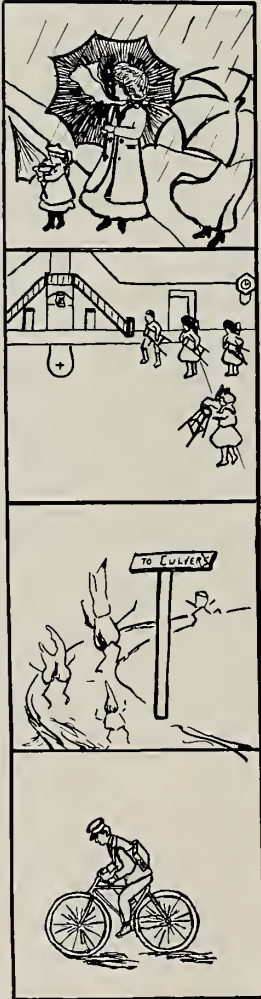
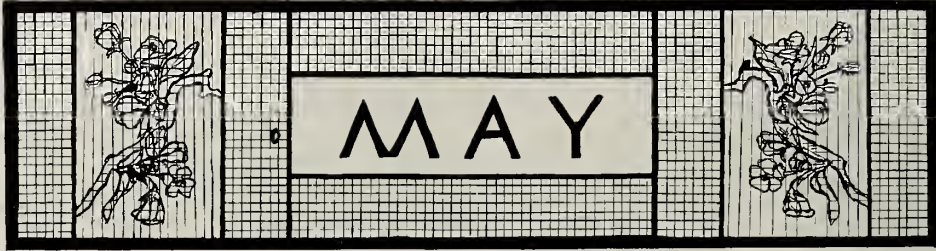
2. Contest committee meet again. Mr. Whitten tells the training school children about burning their fingers on the sun.
4. Mr. O. J. Kern talks on consolidated schools. Bert says he saw his sister.
5. The flood—and still the colonial play must be practiced.
6. The wood is not here yet. "Oh, what shall I do?"
7. The graceful bows are over.
9. Miss Henry announces that she has lost a box of face powder. How could she?
10. Don makes the last frantic appeal to the Juniors for their dues.
11. The contestants gaze eagerly at the bulletin board and decide to send one of the posters home.
12. Contest tickets on sale. Miss Milner volunteers to keep the money, but when alone puts it under Miss Farley's bed. "Oh, if I had only known!"
13. The contest. If Madden had only tied a brick on that trousers leg. Why did Shorty forget?
14. Ross actually makes a basket in the Y. M. C. A. game.
17. Mr. Balthis tells about the orchids and perspires freely.
18. Holley has a new girl each night now. He will soon be in Idaho.
19. I must write my thesis before I go home and after that make out the outline for it.
20. "What do you think of that Algebra test? Wasn't it fierce?"
24. HOME.
30. The thought of grades is lost in our admiration for the new green hitching post.
31. Dr. Cook; "This murderer met his death, not by hanging, but by elocution."





1. Fink is fooled. Holley has gone to Idaho and did not pay for the last collar he had laundered—three cents gone no one knows where.
2. Senior play chosen and all agree to work.
3. Marx sings a solo:  
     “Oh, you need not come in the morning,  
     Wait until you eat,  
     Then come along on Saturday night  
     And see the great Ben Greet.”
4. Ben Greet players here. Reynolds and Ellsworth decide that they are born actors.
6. “You children must keep off everything for a time.”
7. Local option election. Boys get a free ride to the polls. Mr. Hatch's auto balks.
8. What is it that Woodburn has? A hair cut.
10. What is it that Givens hasn't? Hair. Junior Athletic party. Dr. McMurry stars.
11. Shorty begins at the bottom with tan shoes. He will end up with one of those pompadours.
13. “Oh! That Sunday night!”
14. Juniors are seen stealthily creeping toward Dr. Cook's house. Seniors, beware of your clothes.
15. Five dollars and costs.
16. Boats appear on the lake. The reformation begins. The “spoiled darlings” take it to heart.
17. Dr. Cook's reception to the Seniors. “The Low Back Car.”
20. The wave of politeness continues. New era of knighthood.
22. Superintendents begin to come. Trembling seniors hope and fear.
23. Arbor day. Cherry tree of the Freshman class turns out to be a pear tree.
25. Dutch thinks it is too rainy to go farther than Aurora. “Let's not go to Naperville, fellows.”
26. “How many legs has a bird?” “Two.” “Then it is a robin.”
27. Don out with his go-cart. Knighthood still in flower.
28. The new boat is launched and christened the “Irene.” Who got wet?
29. The annual board meet again. Oh, why are some so tardy?
30. “I don't like your hair cut that way, Ellsworth.”





1. House cleaning at the Culver House. The Norther material goes up.
2. May party and ball game compete for crowd of enthusiastic students. May party an easy victor.
4. A library divided against itself cannot stand. Who washed and who did not wash the floor?
5. The new teeth are expected daily.
6. Lights are burning in the addition long into the night. The Norther material *must* be in.
7. The seventh rainy day. The umbrellas are inside out and outside in.
8. Who has seen Miss Brackel's rubbers?
9. To Genoa in a bus.
10. It did not rain.
11. Miss Brackel's rubbers still missing.
12. Mr. Smith to training school children: "Go to the shop and take your seats." They did.
13. Excited Senior, "I saw one of them this morning. Do you suppose he will visit me?"
14. Normal boys have a swim in the lake.
15. More superintendents.
16. Not the illustrative baby, but the illustrative robin for Miss Mann.
17. The pedagogues are defeated at base ball by the preachers.
18. The teeth have been measured and are on the way.
19. Four o'clock A. M. finds Miss Mann counting the worms the little robins have eaten.
20. Warren has a new girl.
21. Marx before the Juniors separated him from it.



# BARBS



**BRIEF FOR DEBATE**

(With submitted quotations from authorities)

*Is the light of the moon equally bright in all places and at all hours of the night?*

I. Introduction.

A. Definition of terms:

The moon which is under discussion is the same old moon a-shining in the same old way as when Noah and Abraham saw it.

B. Immaterial issues: All agree that

1. The moon is one of the heavenly bodies.
2. That the moon gives or reflects light.
3. That it shines in the night time.
4. That it is often a general nuisance.

C. Material issue: The question is:

Is the light of the moon as here defined equally bright in all places, and is its brightness the same at all hours of the night?

II. Argument proper.

A. The light of the moon is equally bright in all places and at all hours of the night, for

1. This is the testimony of the most reliable and experienced lunar (or lunny) observers. Below are submitted quotations from the most eminent authorities, with due credit given in each case:—

From *Life and Letters of I. A. Madden* — “Sitting one night about three-thirty in Charley Ward’s back yard adjoining the watch factory at Elgin, with my feet dangling over the edge of one of Charley’s chicken coops, and dividing my attention between Charley’s beautiful daughter and the movements of her mother, who was busily engaged in frying one of Charley’s chickens for my breakfast, preparatory to my taking an early train for De Kalb, I suddenly noticed, to my unbounded delight, that the maiden’s big blue eyes looked at me with exactly the same degree of tenderness in the *Elgin moonlight* as in the days of yore when we were abiding by the ten-o’clock rules of the Normal School.”

From *Them There Journeys of Mine*, by E. Ward Givens — “I feel perfectly competent to make an authoritative statement on this here important subject. Several weeks ago, having obtained the necessary permission from my parents and that there devoted guardian of mine at 504 College Avenue, I took an early morning train to that there metropolis of Chicago. That there moon was still

shining. I know that, because I saw three different moons shining over three different Fair Stores and — what! you say that's no argument? Why here, they looked just like that there moon did the night I tried to shoot that there nigger."

Under seventeen different dates is the same entry in R. Morton Woodburn's *Journal of Astronomical Stotterervations*. The entry is as follows: "From my accustomed place on the steps of the Davis House, in the early hours of the evening, I observed the moon rise, and I am ready to swear on Runt's Bible that it was a 'he' moon all right and continued so until sunrise." (It is not altogether improbable that the enlivening influences of his immediate environment may have somewhat modified Mr. Woodburn's attitude toward the aforesaid moon, yet Mr. Woodburn's unexcelled opportunities for observation make his data of inestimable value.)

In his *Spice of Life*, A. R. Kays makes the following statement: "For many days and months I judged the brightness of the moon by Sallie's eyes. I thought there were no others that could compare, but I have since found that the brightness of the moon is precisely the same when reflected by Florence's eyes, the bewitching optics of the Merry Widow, or the eyes of a dozen others I could name if I wished to."

Several other references, which bear out the testimony just given, are here named:

Puffer's *Puellae in Lunae Luce*, Ch. 6.

*Sudden Exits from the Dadds House into the Moonlight*, by One Who Knows — W. Madden, page 1.

*What Children Think about the Moon* — Johnston and Coultas. — First nineteen chapters.

2. The truth of this proposition is shown by mathematical demonstration. Using the data of the testimonies already offered, we have the following equations:

Reflection of Elgin moonlight from her eyes = Reflection of De Kalb moonlight from same eyes.

Brightness of Sallie's eyes a year ago in the moonlight = Brightness of Florence's eyes last fall.

Brightness of Florence's eyes last fall in the moonlight = Brightness of the Merry Widow's eyes this Spring.

Adding, substituting, applying the first axiom, and generalizing, we have

That-there brightness = This here brightness.

## III. Conclusion.

Since the most eminent authorities furnish evidence in support of the proposition, and

Since it admits of the most rigid, logical, unanswerable, and indeed "perfectly good" mathematical proof,

THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, that the light of the moon is equally bright in all places and at all times.

Q. E. D.

(Note: Q. E. D. is the initial signature of the author. D stands for *Dutch*.)

## N. I. S. N. S. LYCEUM BUREAU ANNOUNCEMENT

## LECTURERS:

## SUBJECTS:

|                        |                                |
|------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Elizabeth Tennant..... | Paralysis.                     |
| Ray Puffer.....        | Voice Culture.                 |
| Mabel O'Donnell.....   | Flunking.                      |
| Estelle Toms.....      | Value of Uncles.               |
| Evelyn Maxson.....     | Adoption of Youths.            |
| Hazel Hendricks.....   | Matrimony.                     |
| Margaret Leonard.....  | How to Win Favor.              |
| Warren Madden.....     | Self-Esteem.                   |
| Marx Holt.....         | Systematics.                   |
| Marie Stoller.....     | Cure for Blushing.             |
| Elma Vroom.....        | Difficulties of Securing a Job |
| Anna Brakel.....       | Routes to the West.            |

*BARB – ARIC NONSENSE*

The spring-time sunshine lingers,  
Over valleys, hills and rocks,  
But it is not half so splendid  
As the brightness of Bert's sox.  
The grass, the trees, the shrubbery  
Their winter dullness lose,  
But their freshness cannot equal  
The tan on Woodburn's shoes.  
And now the sun is setting,  
As before it's often sat,  
Casting farewell gleams of glory,  
On Warren's gingham hat.

A young man whose last name was Johnson  
Comes from Capron, just south of Wisconsin.  
At the Roberts house he  
Would most frequently be,  
Though his singing would certainly daunt some.

A jolly young fellow called Ray,  
Was an actor in every play.  
With a character sunny,  
And inclined to be funny,  
The foolish parts all came his way.

More huge by far, these wonders are than any we have seen,  
They stretch out wide from side to side, a landscape gardener's  
dream.

And true it is, this headgear is more parasol than hat;  
The wonder grows how the sweet girl knows the place that she  
is at.

From the churches, they say, they've been banished away, or  
left in the sexton's care;

And the base ball fan, he no longer can see the game for the  
bonnets there.

And though there may, at some future day, be fashions worse  
than that,

My lid I'll eat, if they ever can beat the merry widow hat.



Roll on, proud world from year to year,  
Nor pay attention to our Normal here,  
But we in one thing challenge every land,  
A champion have we in our Junior band,  
A gentleman of leisure, "wealth and worth;"  
For Ellsworth Givens is the laziest man on earth.

Thing of beauty, thing of joy,  
Crown of glory to each boy;  
Every hair on end doth stand,  
Stricken by the barber's hand.  
Those who have it not are sore,  
Cause they have no pompadour.

On Sunday night, not long ago,  
Three fellows proved they wern't so slow  
They ran away upon their feet,  
Their sprinting would be hard to beat.  
For those who thuswise leave the fray  
May live to run some other day.

Here's to the girls, the darlings too,  
From the darlings so sadly spoiled;  
Here's to the one who wrote that piece,  
And for our good manners toiled;  
She freely admits, for she had good wits,  
That we were not to blame,  
"The girls did it," so you'll find it writ,  
But we'd like to know her name.

Bury the hat with our heartfelt lamentation,  
Bury the hat and lose the combination;  
Johnston's hat hath caused us woe;  
Lay it away then solemn and slow.  
May our poor benighted brother,  
Never in this town wear another.

Old Martin Luther, whose head was level,  
Threw his inkstand at the devil.  
Our Martin Luther smiles so broad,  
That his Satanic majesty would be awed.

“Oh come, oh come, my merrie men a’,  
To the society come with me.”  
“Now ever alack, but I’m five weeks back  
In School Man, don’t you see.”  
“But you, my friend, will sure attend,  
And hear the program great.”  
“I would if I could, but I must work  
On this spirogyra plate.”  
And so I found, as I went around,  
I’m sure I must be right,  
That all the work that’s done in school  
Is done on Saturday night.

HOMER HALL

### *TERSITIES*

The foot-ball team:

A hard luck story.

A bluffer:

One who knows not and knows not he knows not, but tries not to let  
others know he knows not.

A Junior’s lineage:

I am Innit, son of Cannibe Innit, son of Wassi Innit, son of Willibe  
Innit, son of the renowned Iam.

The boys’ attitude in regard to the girls of the Normal:

We thank the Lord for what we’ve got.

Rivals:

Dr. Cook and Mr. Page in an attempt to obtain the shelter of the front  
entrance for their automobiles.

Mr. Smith:

Stunning.

Miss Simonson:

New England conscience.

Mrs. Lund:

Everybody’s true friend.

Mary Carney:

Little, but — O, my!

Edith Ackert:

A gallant girl.

Bert Kays:

The eternal boy.

Floyd Macolm Love:

The Old Hustler.

Alarm Clock:

That which rouses the house to early indignation.

Club orange:

A bitter tough-skinned disappointment; a "lemon" in at least two senses.

Box of Candy:

What the others expect to share after he goes.

Returning Alumna:

A new hat with plumes, overtopping an atmosphere of experience.

Fudge:

The last state of the milk and butter taken home to the sick roommate.

The long and the short of it:

Guess who this means.

E. Ward Givens:

That there modern sleeping beauty.

### *NORMAL SCHOOL DIRECTORY*

*PUBLISHED SEMI-ANNUALLY BY DR. G. W. SHOOP, FLOOR WALKER.*

Judgment Seat; adjoining the Foyer. Dr. J. W. Cook, Chief Justice.

Joke Dispensary; Room 33. E. C. Page, Humorist.

Smithsonian Institute of Pottery; rear of Building. S. L. Smith, Potter.

Confidence Room; No. 17. Miss Foster, Confidentialist.

The Morgue; adjoining Confidence Room. F. L. Charles, Coroner.

Pulp Department; Room 15. Miss Marion Weller, Proprietor.

Counting Room; No. 40. Miss Parmelee, Teller.

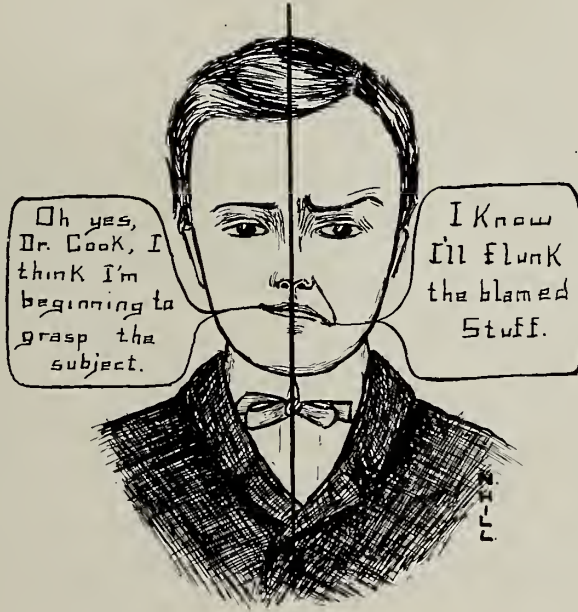
Proof Room; No. 42. S. F. Parson, Proof Reader.

Gesture Depot; Room 41. Miss J. E. Farley, Gesticulator.

Pure Food Show; Room 36. Miss J. T. Berry, Stage Manager.

Entertainment Bureau; adjoining Training School. Misses Jandell and Milner, Committee.

Fatigue Department; Room 32. N. D. Gilbert, Nisslist.



*DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE*

There is a young man quite informal  
Who comes to our glorious Normal;  
When before Dr. Cook,  
You would think by his look  
That his talents were really abnormal.  
But whenever he talks with the boys,  
Their sympathy then he enjoys,  
What he says is enough  
To show that a bluff  
Is the system he always employs.

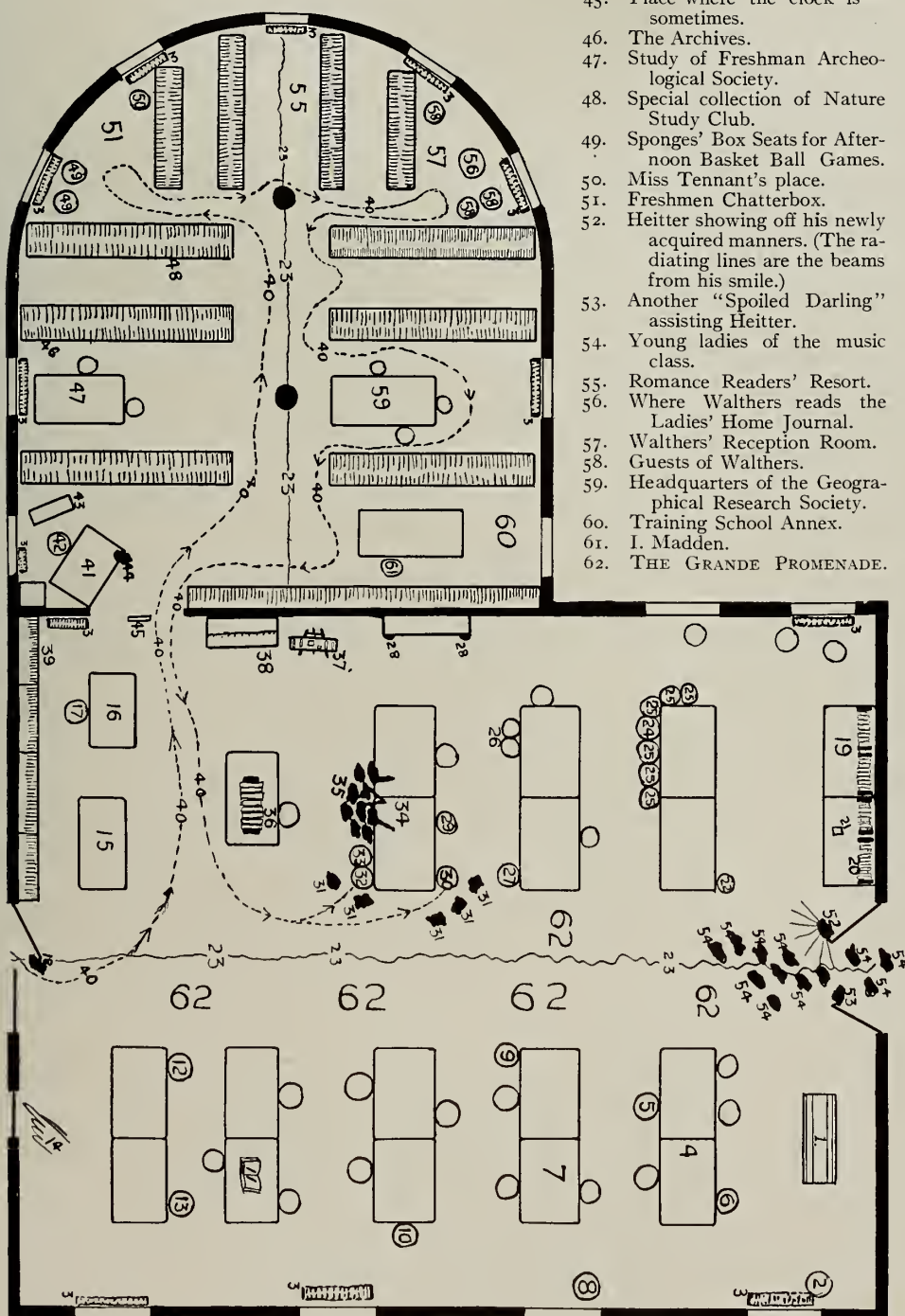
(NOTE: This is not a portrayal of any individual, but of a type which has numerous representatives in both sexes.)

## THE LIBRARY BAEDECKER

[KEY TO THE MAP ON OPPOSITE PAGE.]

1. Where Kays gets the Ladies' Home Journal.
2. The Observatory.
3. Heater, not Heitter.  
Conundrum: When is a heater not a Heitter?  
Answer: When it doesn't smile.
4. Faculty Table.
5. Miss Leonard.
6. Bert Kays used to sit here, but he has moved to the Study Hall, for he wants to study.
7. Table for the youths and their "Companions."
8. Miss Parmelee.
9. Miss Tennant's place.
10. Miss Tennant's place.
11. The place where we go to find sympathy when we do not wish to disturb Mrs. Lund.
12. Mae Foster's place.
13. Miss Tennant's place.
14. "Behind this door everything under the Sun happens," says Miss Milner.
15. The place where Hall looks up rhymes for his sonnets.
16. The watch tower.
17. The Sentinel.
18. "You are wanted at the phone." (*Not sotto voice.*) Mrs. Lund and the Alumni are the only people who dare to speak aloud in the Library.
19. Special collection of the Page Historical Society. "No one must use this table for anything but these reserve books."
20. The prodigal book-rack returned.
21. A "Hist of Ed" text which has no business here.
22. Miss Tennant's place.
23. Border line between Scotland and Sweden.
24. Puffer.
25. Young lady conversing with Mr. Puffer!
26. Johnson and Family.
27. Miss Tennant's place.
28. Our { Mascots.  
          { Joners.
29. Evelyn's place.
30. That there Ward Givens.
31. These here blots represent Freshmen admiring them there pompadours.
32. Place where Woodburn studies Botany and Stottany.
33. Place where Mina Stott studies the principles of combustion. (Read this twice in case it doesn't take the first time.)
34. Sporting table.
35. Rush of the Sporting Club after the News.
36. Johnston's private office.
37. The town crier with the proscription lists.
38. The catalogue, sadly neglected because the librarians are so accommodating.
39. Special collection of Nissl Bodies.
40. Line of March of the Daily Parade of the Pompadours.
41. The Executive Mansion.
42. The Official Perch.
43. The Library Go-Cart. (*Not Garden Truck.*)
44. Alumnus.





45. Place where the clock is — sometimes.
46. The Archives.
47. Study of Freshman Archeological Society.
48. Special collection of Nature Study Club.
49. Sponges' Box Seats for Afternoon Basket Ball Games.
50. Miss Tennant's place.
51. Freshmen Chatterbox.
52. Heitter showing off his newly acquired manners. (The radiating lines are the beams from his smile.)
53. Another "Spoiled Darling" assisting Heitter.
54. Young ladies of the music class.
55. Romance Readers' Resort.
56. Where Walthers reads the Ladies' Home Journal.
57. Walthers' Reception Room.
58. Guests of Walthers.
59. Headquarters of the Geographical Research Society.
60. Training School Annex.
61. I. Madden.
62. THE GRANDE PROMENADE.

*PAROXYSMS OF A PARODIST*

If Longfellow had been brought up at the N. I. S. N. S. he might have breathed a song something like this into the air:

By the bank of the Kishwaukee,  
By our gently flowing river,  
Spread the pond that Balthis builded.  
Dark beside it rose the forest,  
Rose the tall and spreading elm trees,  
Rose the oaks with acorns on them.  
High before it rose the towers  
And gray battlements of Normal  
With the terraces and tombstones.

If Dr. Holmes had been a contemporary of Mr. Woodburn's, he might have said something like this if he had been present when a certain sad accident occurred:

Then Woodburn swore, as he's often done,  
With a "Well I guess so, that'll be the one,"  
That he'd do a he stunt and stand on his brain,  
But he fell through the window pane.

If Shakespeare had roomed at the Culver House, he might have incorporated the following dialogue into one of his comedies:

*Irish.* Hath any man seen Dutch at the tailor's?

*Bert.* No, for he bought it ready-made, just before his last trip to Aurora.

*Irish.* Indeed, he looks sportier in his new rags than he did.

*Bert.* Nay, and he put perfumery on his handkerchief; could you smell him out by that?

*Irish.* That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's very much in love.

*Bert.* And how he is wont to wash his face.

*Irish.* Aye, and to press his pants.

With apologies to Tennyson and Miss Huff:

Half a tone, half a tone,  
Half a tone onward  
Through the chromatic scale  
The poor Freshie blundered.  
Hers not to make reply,  
Hers not to reason why,  
She had to sing or die.  
Through the chromatic scale  
The poor Freshie blundered.  
Students to right of her,  
Students to left of her,  
Behind and in front of her,  
Snickered, but wondered  
If they could do as well  
When their time came to yell,  
For they could never tell  
'Til through the chromatic scale  
They, too, had blundered.

If Sir Walter Scott had seen Mr. W. Madden in his new spring glad rags,  
he might have started a ballad in this manner:

Oh, young Shorty Madden's come out in his best  
His loud yellow Oxfords will give us no rest,  
His and Malcolm's belong to a class of their own;  
The pants Irish bought him are second to none,  
He wears them at school, and he wears them at home,  
Saw ye e'er such a sport as our Shorty's become?



### HEARD AT A CLINIC

[The medical students pressed eagerly around the operating table. Excitement ran high, for the cases were to be unique. There were several patients from the N. I. S. N. S. to be operated upon. The first patient, already chloroformed, was carried in. The instructor took up his gleaming knife, and began his lecture.]

"In the stomach of this young man, gentlemen, I am certain we shall find a large quantity of lint."

"How did it get there?" asked a fledgling doctor.

"As a result of excessive chewing of the rag," came the answer.

"Bertie makes the High Schools love him

*Kays* he was so kind,"

came in rollicking melody from the irrepressible medical students, ceasing suddenly, however, as a young woman was carried in. The instructor continued:

"In this instance we must remove the entire vertebral column, and insert a length of rubber tubing in its place. The young lady, Miss Langwill, is unable to bend or participate in the Barn Dance. As you see, this operation is quite simple. Now we turn to the next case.

"This is also a simple case. It consists merely in depriving this young woman of consciousness for a few weeks until the rest of the world shall catch up with her. She complains of serious inconvenience due to the fact that she is ahead of her course in the Normal."

"The name, please?" asked the reporter.

"Melville, Class of '09."

"The famous 'Ten of Us' Zoe?"

"Precisely. The next patient I ask you to observe carefully. This poor child, Miss Coultas, has an acute attack of rubberballorum heelitis, also known as springum bouncia."

"Chronic, doctor?" asked a student.

"No, the case is of about a year's standing. By persistent doses of dilute ridicule she will eventually recover."

As the next patient was led in by an attendant, the doctor announced, "This man's eyes must be operated upon."

"Why, he seems all right," interjected the student at the foot of the class.

"But he is not. Love is always blind," returned the instructor, severely. "Our next is a typical case of a contagious disease that is sweeping De Kalb. This spasmodic jerking of the lower extremities, accompanied by delirious ravings in which the sufferer continually cries 'one! two! three! four!' is a unique symptom which makes it quite easy for me to classify the malady as Dancibus Barnorum, a serious complication of Saint Vitus' Dance with Fadditis and

Delirium Tremens. It is only by severing the Tendon of Achilles that the patient can ever recover.

"Although this is not a school of beauty doctors, I ask you to give your closest attention to the next case. This young man is here to have superfluous hair removed,—a strange growth in front of the ear which resists the most determined onslaughts of the barber —"

"Which, the ear or the growth?" interrupted a smart student.

"Neither, the patient," answered the doctor, giving him the icy stare. "In technical terms, we call this operation Shavingotomy Facorum Rossorum.

"Here is a young fellow whose head, hands, and feet I must ask you to seize, and at the word 'go,' pull as hard as possible."

"What for?" asked a student.

"He is a 'Runt,'" answered the doctor. "Now give your closest attention to the last case, the most interesting of all. I hope by examination of this patient, Miss Stott, to demonstrate what the great authority, Fred L. Charles, has long maintained, that the human body sometimes has two hearts." As he spoke, the doctor inserted his knife in the body, and with one skillful stroke, laid bare the chest cavity. There were not only the two hearts, but also an arrow piercing the two and holding them united. The doctor feared to withdraw the cruel barb, but striking a match, lighted it, observing that it "Wood-burn."

### WHAT THEY DO FOR RECREATION

Mr. W—d—urn — Talks to Mina in the study hall.

G—ad—s B—tt—n— — Reads the Pretty Girl Questions in the Ladies' Home Journal.

Mr. B—l—h—s — Recovers from his first public address.

M—rt—a L—n—ill — Practices her contest selection.

Mr. H—tt—r — Stands in the library awaiting an opportunity to display his lately acquired manners.

The S—a—er gir—s — Wonder who Floyd really comes to see.

M—m—c T—a—k—e—ry — Displays her vocal abilities.

W—rr—n M—dd—n — Reserves school management books for future reference.

I—c—c C—s—in— — Appears in a high collar and corkscrew curls and imagines she's dressed up.

E. W—r— Gi—e—s — Meditates as to what course to pursue after finishing his Maxsonian course.



E-iz-b-th R— — Studies the most becoming way to dress her hair.  
Mi-s S-e-ens — Writes poetry for the rising generation to read.  
B-at-ice Wa-d — Admires the pictures in the Gibson Books.  
C. C. J. W-l-hers — Shares his money with the Chi. N. W. R. R. Co.  
M-r-e M—re-ead — Practices making announcements in General Ex.  
Fl-r-n-e Kl-nk — Keeps an account of her dates.  
Miss M-C-be — Endeavors to do the chicken-hop gracefully.  
M-rx Ho-t — Gets his lesson of noblesse oblige and puts it away in his miniature trunk, which he carries on all occasions.

### WHAT THE BOYS ARE WONDERING

*Homer Hall.* Did I offer my arm to Miss —— according to etiquette?  
*Pa Madden.* Who will sew a shirt on this button?  
*Ellsworth Givens.* What them there girls think of this here hair cut.  
*Roy Woodburn.* What became of that “he” mustard plaster I got at the Davis house last winter?  
*Floyd Love.* How I can induce my K. M.’s to stay more than two days.  
*Marx Holt.* Is there any girl in this school whom I haven’t called “Honey?”  
*Warren Madden.* Can I afford to spend anything besides my evenings on Miss Roe?  
*Howard Johnston.* Why do I have to sit alone, all, all alone, at my little table in the library?  
*Erwin Finkenbinder.* Why do people think I am easily “fussed”?  
*Bert Kays.* Was anything new brought out in School Man class? O, yes!  
*Walthers.* Why don’t the boys appreciate my new suit?  
*Mickey O’Brien.* What kind of lumber boards are best for canoes?  
*Don McMurry.* Did anyone think I put in that advertisement for the face powder?  
*Ray Puffer.* Would some one please be so kind as to import a few more Normal girls for me to select from?

## SENIOR CLASS STATISTICS

### AGE

Aggregate: 36 centuries  
Minimum: 16 + years.  
Maximum: 16 — years.

### WEIGHT.

Total: 4.11 tons.  
Average: 23.9 kilograms.

### HEIGHT

Total: .168002 kilometers.  
Average: 1680.02 millimeters.

### INTELLECT

Total: 23,230,023,001,908 Nissl Bodies.  
Average: A variable approaching infinity as its limit.

### SIZE OF SHOE

Average: .08 cu. mm. (Length and breadth are negligible.)

### FAVORITE DRINKS

Creme de Menthe. . . . . 1 per cent of class.  
Cincinnati fizz. . . . . 2 per cent of class.  
Coca cola. . . . . 3 per cent of class.  
Unfermented lemonade. . . . . 4 per cent of class.  
Cows' milk. . . . . 90 per cent of class.

### RISING HOUR

Between six and seven (six a. m. and seven p. m.).

### RETIRING HOUR

Friday, Saturday, and Sunday: As soon as possible after 10:30.  
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday: Only one Senior could be found who could spare the time to sleep.

### FAVORITE EXERCISE

Football. . . . . 00008 per cent of class. (Do not be misled by small percentage to think that our boys do not enjoy the manly game. Every boy in school plays.)  
Tennis . . . . . 21 per cent.  
Boating. . . . . 02 per cent (growing).  
Barn Dancing. . . . . 99 per cent.

### EXPENSES

Young maids: \$0.89 per term. (This does not include term fee, books, room, board, clothes, railroad fare, or incidental expenses.)  
Old maids: \$2.89 per term. (This includes term fee and all other expenses.)  
Young sports: \$372.41 per term. (This does not include meals at Bell's Restaurant or admission to the Haish Auditorium.)  
Average: \$2.88 per term.

### RELIGION

Methodists . . . . . 22 per cent.  
Ascetics. . . . . 1 per cent.  
Jesuits . . . . . 1 per cent.  
Congregationalists. . . . . 22 per cent.  
Baptists. . . . . 22 per cent.  
Heathens. . . . . 30 per cent.

Two per cent will not declare their religious affiliations for fear of matrimonial disorders

## FAMILY TIES

Married: ?

Engaged: 1 ( This number is estimated. No accurate count has been made. This is no doubt correct with a very small per cent of error.)

Desiring to be engaged: 106.

## GASTRONOMICAL CAPACITY

Total: 174 liters.

Average: 39 cents' worth.

## SCHOLARSHIP

Good students.....107

Grinds ..... 0

Bluffers..... 0

## SUMMARY OF COURSES

*Strenuosity Course:* Two terms, Senior year.

*Relaxation Course:* Third term, Senior year.

*Idiocy.* Six terms. Four-year course. Advance credit to two-year Juniors.

*Bluffology.* For Juniors only. Advance credit given to class of 1908.

*Proposition Course,* for those who intend to propose. Special laboratory course, for ladies only, in 1908, and every fourth year thereafter.

*Campustry.* An advanced course for those who have obtained credits in the Proposition Course. Special field work. Splendid equipment.

*Palmistry.* Special work for students specializing in Campustry.

*Stottany.* Special for Woodburn.

*Roeing.* Cornered by Shorty.

*Fishery Course.* Star student — Finkenbinder.

*Jokeronomy.* Those entering this course will get an outline of work from Mr. Page at the beginning of the term.

BY THEIR WORDS YE SHALL KNOW THEM

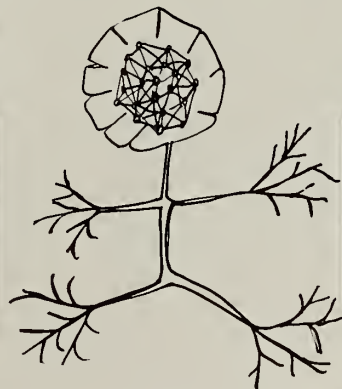
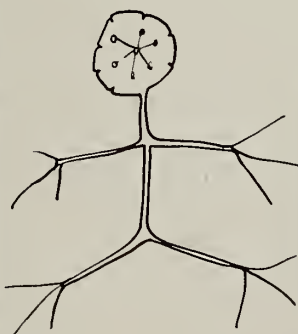
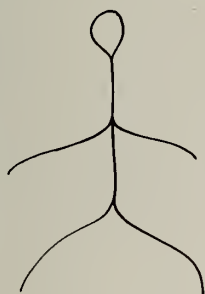
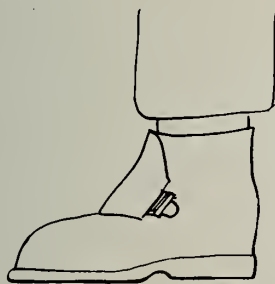
|   |                                 |
|---|---------------------------------|
| "Yes — and — No."                                   | Mr. Gilbert.                    |
| "Mum's the word."                                   | Mr. Charles.                    |
| "Hully Gee!"  | Gertrude Horan.                 |
| "Be a person."                                      | Dr. Cook.                       |
| "I want to ask a question."                         | Lillian Davis.                  |
| "I don't see that."                                 | Hazel Petteys.                  |
| "A pooch one."                                      | Bautista.                       |
| "Get into the atmosphere."                          | Miss Farley.                    |
| "Well, we won't carry that any further."            | Mr. Page.                       |
| "— and so on."                                      | Miss Simonson.                  |
| "Well, what do you know about that?"                | Bert Kays.                      |
| "O say!—"   | Ethel Truby.                    |
| "O Fudge!"  | Howard Johnston                 |
| "I don't recall it now."                            | Esta Kendel.                    |
| "Think about that for a moment."                    | Dr. McMurry.                    |
| "Be getting your mind on the lesson and save time." | Mrs. Kersey.                    |
| "Oh! Gee! Be sweet to me, Kid!"                     | Walthers.                       |
| "Sh! I'm afraid to go home in the dark."            | Miss Bollinger                  |
| "What's that? Something good to eat?"               | Edith Hamilton.                 |
| "It's perfectly good."                              | Clara Law.                      |
| "I'm getting so wicked."                            | Martha Langwill.                |
| "My brother —"                                      | Margaret Vial.                  |
| "—— to beat the cars!"                              | Mr. Kellogg.                    |
| "Tougher luck!"                                     | I. Madden.                      |
| "It's a shame to take the money."                   | Ray Puffer.                     |
| "Lookit!"   | Marie Moorhead.                 |
| "This here ——"                                      | Ellsworth Ward G.               |
| "Well I guess so!"                                  | Woodburn.                       |
| "Mornin', Si!"                                      | Everybody (except the Faculty.) |

*BETWEEN THE BELLS*

What a din all peace dispels!  
    'Tis the bells!  
In the erstwhile silent halls how the sudden tumult swells,  
    As in every direction  
Moves th' impetuous procession.  
See the dodging left and right!  
The collisions! See the might  
    Of sharp elbows! See the small,  
    Edge along beside the wall, warily.  
See this man with swinging stride, toward a goal determined on,  
Through the study hall and corridor and library, rush on!  
    See the maid with shambling gait,  
    Ambling at a tortoise rate!  
See the man and maid together  
Saunter, beam and chat, and never  
Know there is another soul about, though dozens pass them by.  
    Between the bells, brazen bells,  
    What a tale one visage tells  
    Of despair,  
    For the reckoning time has come!  
    Another's agony is done,  
And a sigh of glad relief falls on the air.  
See the crowd without one door  
    Cramming! cramming!  
    Hear the banging  
Of geometrys they pile upon the floor!  
What power such industry compels,  
    Such feverish speed  
    And eager greed  
Between the buzzing and the whirring of the bells —  
    Of the bells —  
Potent bells, unfailing bells,  
    Relentless bells,  
Between the clamor and the clanging of the bells?

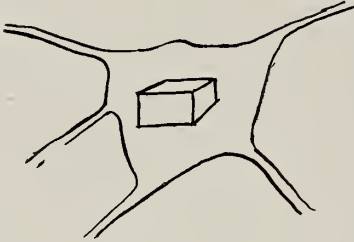
MAE FOSTER.





E. Maxson

EVOLUTION

**SCHOOL-MAN PRIMER.**

See the nerve cell!

Is it not pret-ty?

Yes — and — no!

See the Lit-tle Par-al-lel-o-pi-ped in  
the nerve cell!

The Par-al-lel-o-pi-ped is a Nis-sl  
Bo-dy.

It is stored up en-er-gy, Little One.  
When it is ox-i-dized it will yield  
an i-de-a.

This Nis-sl Bo-dy con-tains the i-de-a  
of the Barn Dance.

See the nice Barn Dance!

Is the Barn Hop Self Ac-tiv-i-ty?

Yes — and — no!

The girls will ex-pe-ri-ence fa-  
tigue.

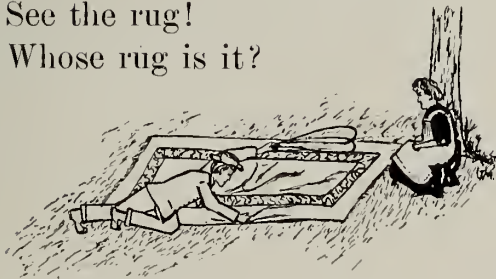
I like fa-tigue. Do you?





See the la-dy!  
See the po-ta-to!  
The la-dy is a crit-ic.  
What is the la-dy do-ing?  
The la-dy is in-dul-ging in self-ac-tiv-ity.  
Why does she do this?  
Be-cause she wants to win the po-ta-to race.  
Is the po-ta-to nu-tri-tious? Yes — and — no!  
It will make splen-did Nis-sl Bo-dies.  
The la-dy has ma-n-y Nis-sl Bo-dies.  
Does she like the po-ta-to? Yes — and — no!

See the boy fa-ti-guing him-self!  
See the rug!  
Whose rug is it?



It is Evelyn's.  
See the dust fly!  
What is Ward doing?  
He is ox-i-diz-ing Nis-sl  
Bo-dies.  
Does Evelyn like fa-tigue?  
Yes — and — no!

*TESTIMONIALS AND BUSINESS LETTERS*

Eushrieka School of Oratory and Music,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Sirs: I write this to express my appreciation for what your school has done for me. After taking three of your lessons in voice culture my powers of speech are so much improved that I can now make myself heard in the same room with Walthers' suit, Bert's socks, or Warren's shoes. I can orate in a voice of thunder or imitate a braying donkey and a bantam rooster at the same time. My singing voice is perfect. It is just like Bill Johnson's. Indeed, in its inexpressible sweetness it rivals that of a lumber wagon mellowed with age.

Yours very much improved,  
REYNOLDS DALE.

How-to-Grow-Tall Co.,  
Chemung, Ill.

Dear Benefactors: After one month of your treatment, I have grown to be a tall and handsome man. The girls all love me and I love all the girls. But I can't decide which shall be mine.

Sincerely yours,  
THE BEAUTIFUL RAY PUFFER.

Hair-Cut-by-Mail Co.,  
Cincinnati.

My Dear Barbers: Enclosed please find fifteen cents for this here pompadour. I now look like a sport. I shall keep your address for future reference. I do not think I shall need your services again before next fall. These here bristles made quite a hit. Irish uses them to brush his clothes.

Wishing you success in other large undertakings,

E. WARD GIVENS.

Tongue Invigorator Co.,  
De Kalb, Ill.

Gentleman: After taking three teaspoonfuls of your medicine, the flow of words from my tongue can now drive the fans at the Glidden or run a car on the gasoline line.

Yours without paralysis,  
ELIZABETH TENNANT.

Kupperstein & Co.,  
Aurora, Ill.

Dear Sirs: You will find enclosed \$5.11, for which please send me prepaid a suit of clothes like the enclosed sample and of the same size as my last suit. My green suit was a great hit. Everybody liked it. I now set all the styles for the Normal.

Yours gratefully,

CLARENCE CARL JOHN WALTHERS.

Spalding Mask Co.,  
Chicago.

Gentlemen: Please send me a smile by the next mail. Everybody has grown tired of my old one, but I feel that I have value received, for I have worn it for eight years.

Smilingly yours,

ELIZABETH ORNER.

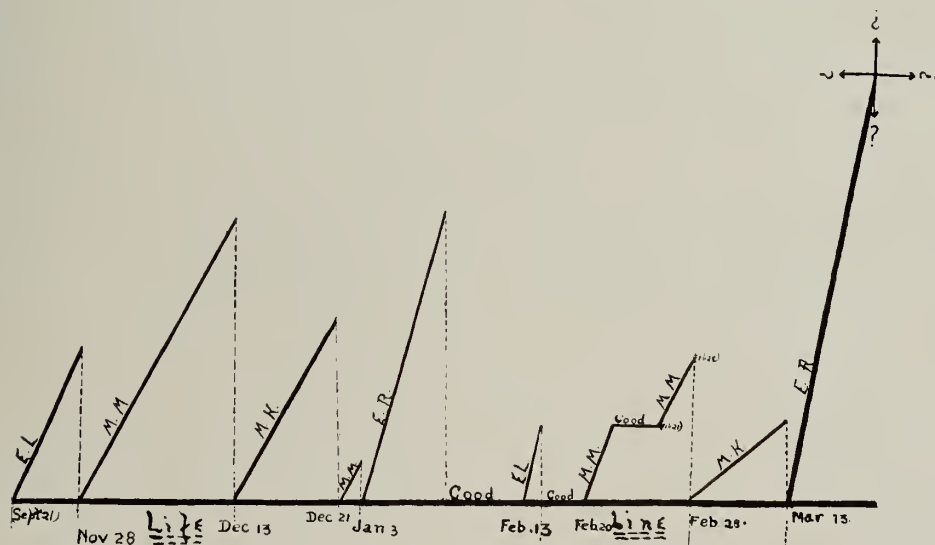
Capron Matrimonial Agency,  
Capron.

Dear Cupid: Will you please remove my name from your books? Fortune has favored me at last, and matrimonial expectations are palpitations of the past.

With love from my whole family, I am

Gratefully yours,

WM. JOHNSON.





# NORMAL DEPARTMENT STORE

*Watch This Space for Bargains*

We have complete lines of goods of all kinds. Every department is under a manager who has had years of experience in his line

---

## SOCKS —

Manager Kays has a large assortment for you to select from.

---

## SWEETS —

Clerks, Maxson and Roe.

---

## LATEST STYLES IN VARIEGATED CLOTHING

Walthers.

---

Let our florist, Miss Eva Stevens, show you a choice collection of

## JOHNSON'S ROSES

---

## STYLES THAT WERE POPULAR IN HAIR CUTS —

Givens and Woodburn, Demonstrators.

## BOOTS AND SHOES CHIEFLY SHOES —

This department is temporarily in charge of demonstrators sent out by the Shafer Society for the Propagation of Correct Footwear Ideas. This society countenances nothing but tan shoes.

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## LEMONS —

For the asking. Managers, Klink and Cushing.

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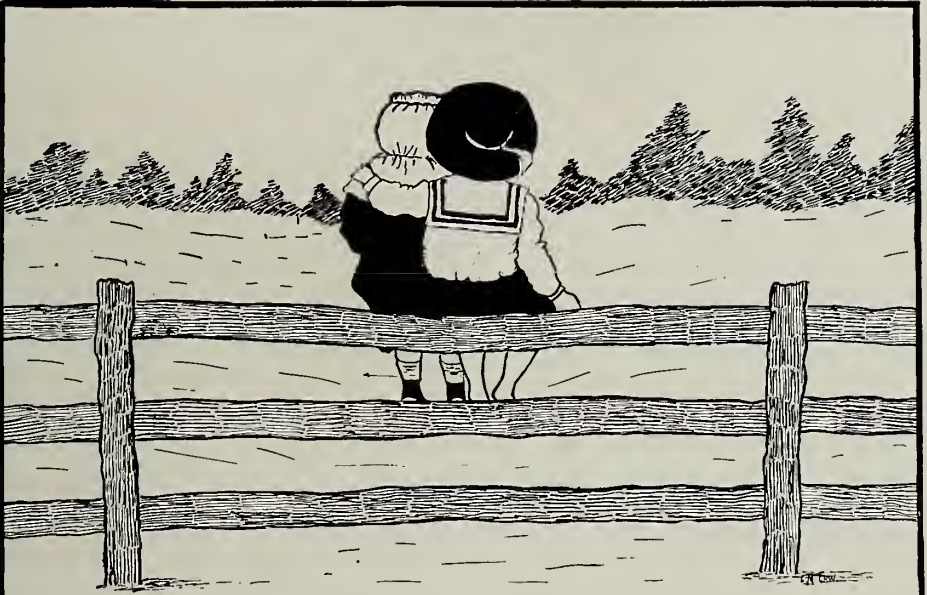
## HOME BAKERY AND CONFECTIONERY —

Superintendent Vial.

---

## STEEL STRUCTURES FOR HAIR DRESSING —

Large assortment. Branch store in this line conducted by the Dadds Girls.



**"WE ARE  
ADVERTISED BY  
OUR  
LOVING FRIENDS."**



The place  
to buy

*SCHOOL BOOKS*  
*SCHOOL TABLETS*  
*PENS, INKS*  
*PENCILS*  
*STATIONERY*  
*FOUNTAIN PENS*  
*CAMERAS*  
*CAMERA PLATES*  
*CAMERA FILMS*  
*PHOTO PAPERS*  
*LATEST BOOKS*  
*STANDARD FICTION*  
*BIBLES*  
*ATHLETIC GOODS*  
*VIOLINS, GUITARS*  
*MANDOLINS*  
*PIANOS*  
*SHEET MUSIC*  
*WALL PAPER*  
*PAINTS*



**Pritchard & Dickerman's**

149 East Main Street

DeKalb, Ill.

Central Union Phones 132 and 320

County Telephone 112

# East End Market

*Lon M. Smith*

Dealer in

Fresh and Salt Meats of All Kinds  
Fish and Oysters

615 East Main Street

De Kalb, Illinois

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## The White Rose Laundry

Launderers of Men's  
and Women's Clothes

623 E. MAIN ST., Branch, Holmes' Bakery

H. G. BELDING, Prop.  
H. N. Johnston, School Agent

Bell Phone, 205 R.      County Phone, 11

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## C. SHETTER

4

Emblem Pins  
Souvenir Spoons

Repairs right the first time

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Bell Phone 249-Y      County Phone 2062

## G. W. Mills Hack Line

Calls promptly  
answered at all hours      De Kalb, Illinois

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Mrs. L. O. Kilmer, Matron C.C. Wallthers, Steward

## KILMER CLUB

355 Augusta Avenue  
De Kalb, Illinois

Board \$3.25 per week      Room \$6 to \$8 per month

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## J. P. SHAVER

Express and Baggage Transfer Line

Students' Work a Specialty

Residence Phone 267x.      Office, Wiswall and Wirtz  
Bell 247y, County 14

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Before engaging Room and Board call at  
the

## BENSON CLUB

or write for terms

443 College Ave., De Kalb, Illinois

Wm. O'Kane, Steward

J. B. Benson, Prop.



It is impossible to have fine half-tones in your Annual unless the photographs are extra fine. Nothing but the best of Material and years of hard study and experience in this line is employed at

## Rowley's Studio

247 Main Street : : : De Kalb, Illinois

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### Kirchner's

*Drug Store*

Our Sodas and Sundaes are made right,  
served right, and taste right.

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### Gullickson & Hemmen

*Up-to-date Photos*

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All Books and Supplies

at

**Brooks'**

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### Geo. Cheney

*Staple and Fancy Groceries*

A full line of Nat. Biscuit Goods



We can supply you with all the newest designs in shirt waists and wash dresses. You will find our store filled with bargains in ready to wear goods.

**Watson & Willits**

# Anderson Brothers

The home of

Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes  
Longley & Stetson Hats  
Walkover and Stetson Shoes

De Kalb, Illinois

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# Powers & McGirr

The best Clothing at the least possible price  
Kingsbury and King Hats  
Douglas and All America Shoes  
Swell Furnishings

---

We make a specialty of class pins and all kinds of emblem goods

# J. G. Holmquist

*Jeweler*

231 State Street

Sycamore, Ill.

THE  
NORTHERN ILLINOIS  
STATE NORMAL  
SCHOOL

FOR THE PREPARATION  
OF TEACHERS FOR THE  
SCHOOLS OF ILLINOIS

TUITION FREE

COMPLETE EQUIPMENT

FOR PARTICULARS ADDRESS  
NORTHERN ILLINOIS STATE NORMAL SCHOOL  
DE KALB, ILLINOIS

# Class Will

We, the Senior Class, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do hereby make and publish this our last will and testament, in order, as justly as may be, to distribute our interest in this school world among succeeding generations of students, and these things we now proceed to devise and bequeath:

Item: To each and every student, of the present and of all time to come, we bequeath the joy of student life. We would have you make cordial friendships and weave sincere bonds of affection, and fill your days while you may with all the joyous little pleasures of daily companionship. All too soon will come the parting of the ways, and nevermore, save in dreams, may you enter this realm of school book and class room. We give you the right to enjoy all the beautiful things in our school world, according to the enduring custom of youth; the glow of the campus woods in the autumn, the delicate bloom of the first flowers of the spring, the singing of joyous birds in the early morning in the tall tree-tops of Annie's woods, the calm dignity of the dark towers against the warm radiance of the western sky at the close of day, and such others as your fancy may dwell upon.

Item: To you, children of the Training School, we give our gratitude for your forbearance. May you learn to believe that each of the student teachers who come to you in the future is all that we wished to be for you, and is doing all that we hoped to do. If we failed in aught of service it was not our hearts and our intentions which were at fault, but our skill and our experience.

Item: To Dr. Cook and our teachers, we offer our highest and best gift—our love. Yet, indeed, while our hearts are young and life stretches golden before us, in the divine egoism of youth, we cannot know the full promise of all that you have given to us. But as we go on in the work of the years to come, and meet in turn the fulfillment and the disappointment of our youthful hopes and dreams, then will our memory ever return to you and to the goal of endeavor which you have set before us. May we become all that you wish for us.





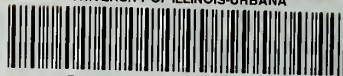








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